A GREAT STORY FOR BOYS, "MARCHING THROUGH DIXIE," BEGINS NEXT WEEK

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OR

THE SKILL OF DETECVIVE KEENEYES. By J. Breckenridge Ellis.

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CHAPTER I.

"Keeneyes!" called the chief of police.

A young man rose quickly and, with an agile step, left his companions and approached the white-haired chief who stood apart, near his private office. He was a tall young man and splendidly built. His face was remarkably handsome. Its most distinguishing features were the large gray eyes which possessed a penetrating look which had won him the nickname of "Keeneyes" among his colleagues. And Richard Zellers was willing enough that his true name should be forgotten, not for anything he had done, but on account of the shadow which another had cast upon his past. None of Richard Zellers' old friends knew what had become of him. He had voluntarily given up the life to which great wealth and high station had called him, and now, as "Keeneyes," he felt his secret was safe.

"Young man," said the chief, "I have called you to take charge of your first important case. I confess I would send a longer-trained officer if I had not already engaged my best men. For you are young, you have had little experience, and this is a murder case."

The young man's heart bounded. So completely had he put his past life from him—that life of rich banquets and laughing friends—that he was exalted to enter upon his professional duties with the zest of a schoolboy. His first murder case! Though he knew nothing of its particulars, he was resolved to bend all his faculties and energies upon the mystery. He was sure he would never take up his old life, and this was his opportunity to win renown in the profession to which misfortune had bent his mind.

"I leave everything to you," said the chief. "I read in those keen eyes of yours that you intend to succeed. Very well. Take your own time and method. I shall not say one word in the way of advice. Step into my office."

The chief led the way into his private room, where a man of about thirty was seated. "Mr. Windinham," said the chief, "this is our detective who has adopted as his name the one given him by the boys, 'Keeneyes.'" As the two men thus introduced bowed to each other, the chief left the room.

For a moment the detective stood motionless, scrutinizing the visitor. He saw before him a thick-set man of low stature, with light hair and eyes—in every way a pronounced blonde. The face was a pleasant one, which, under ordinary circumstances, would easily kindle with a smile. The detective was resolved to omit no detail, however trivial, in his investigations, and perhaps he gazed at the stranger longer than he was aware. Certainly he received a distinctly pleasant impression, and when he seated himself it was with a sigh of relief that he was about to deal with an evident gentleman.

The stranger, on his part, had been impressed by the gray eyes which seemed to dart into his soul like electric beams. He grew a little restive under the silent scrutiny, but held his tongue to speak.

"Your case has been turned over to me," said Richard Zellers in his friendliest tone. "As yet I know nothing of it, except that it is a murder case. I surmise that it deals with Giles Windinham, who was murdered down in Calburg a week ago?"

"Yes," said Windinham. "That was my——" He hesitated and added, "I am glad you are to come with me. I feel we shall get on capitally."

The detective smiled. "The impression is mutual. Tell me about it. Of course I read what the papers had to tell, but I should prefer to have every incident at first hand. Perhaps you are Gregory Windinham? Or Willis Windinham?"

"Gregory," said the other, looking from the window. There was a pause.

"Of course I understand how painful it must be to you to open up the subject," said Zellers, gently.

"Thank you," said Gregory, with a grateful and yet troubled look. "You. Well, the papers were in the main correct in their account. And if you know——"

There was a longer pause. "Perhaps I can help you," said Zellers, sympathetically. "I will run over the particulars, and that will be easier for you, no doubt. Your father was perfectly well and in good spirits on Friday, the 10th of August. The household retired in the best of spirits, apparently; that is to say, your father; you and your brother Willis; your two sisters, Lucy and Henrietta——"

"Three sisters," interposed Gregory; "Della is the youngest—about ten."

"Very stupid of me to forget," murmured Zellers. "And the governess, Miss Minna Pinns,"

"Pinns," corrected Gregory Windinham.

"Pinns, certainly; and the coachman, Jake Mahoney, and the young man visiting you, Edward Rich; and the cook, Patsy, and the maid, Lottie, and—and—and the man Grape-Finley. Is that all?"

"You have a remarkable memory," exclaimed Gregory, "to know all our folks though you didn't expect while reading about it to have the case."

"Oh," said Zellers, "I take exquisite delight in such accounts, especially in propounding to myself solutions. Is that all?"

"And have you formed a solution to our mystery?" exclaimed Gregory, regarding him intently.

"Perhaps. To be frank—yes. I shall go to your house with a theory, but I shall not in any way be hampered by it. I would give twenty theories for a fact. Is that all?"

"You have named all," said Gregory, emphatically.

"Your father was a widower, and all his children are unmarried. On Friday, I say, the household numbered exactly one dozen, no more, no less—is that correct?"

"There were—twelve, you say? Yes," replied Gregory; "I had not counted them."

"All retired tranquilly on the night of the 10th. On the morning of the 11th your father does not come down to breakfast. An investigation is made; his bed is found undisturbed, his hat in its usual place. It is supposed he went for a walk, borrowing your hat, since your hat is missing from the hatrack. Breakfast is delayed. He does come, and in some way somebody is prompted to go to the cellar. Was this you?"

"No," said Gregory, "it was Miss Pinns. She went to the cellar not to look for my father, but to get the spade. She has a passion for digging around the flower-beds and rose-bushes."

"And she found your father lying at the foot of the coal heap, and the ax with which his skull had been crushed; his own ax?"

"Yes," said Gregory with a shudder.

"The eyes of Miss Pinns summoned all of you to the spot, I believe?"

"We all went down," said Gregory. "I reached the spot first and found Miss Pinns in a fainting condition. Lucy and Henrietta and her upstairs."

"Your father was fully dressed. But he did not wear your hat. No stranger had been observed in the village for several days. The doctor was summoned at once, the inquest was held, nothing was discovered. The window-grate of the cellar was found on the inside as usual. The murderer of your father came to him from the house, as the steps lead down from the trap door in the kitchen. No footprints excited attention in the yard, no track of wagon-wheels near the fence. In short, there is no clue of any sort?"

"None whatever."

"Except a vanished clue," observed Zellers. "I believe your hat has not turned up."

"It is certainly strange about my hat," Gregory agreed. "I am sure I hung it up in the hall when I went up to bed."

"The front door stood open?"

"Yes, it was wide open; that is why they supposed my father had gone for an early walk."

"Mr. Windinham," said Zellers, cordially, "I do not mind being frank with you and telling you that this is my first really important case. It will be necessary for me to go with you and for a time live in your house where I can make investigations. I am sure you will help me, for I feel already that we shall be good friends."

Gregory impulsively grasped his hand. "Aside from my wish to have the mystery

cleared up," he said. "I heartily wish you success on your own account."

"Then it will be a great point for no one to know I am a detective. Take me as a friend, not as 'Keeneyes,' but as—— does any one know you have come to seek a detective?"

"Oh, yes; all insisted that I should do so. To imitate your frankness, I have never cared for detectives. As it happens, I have a friend in Canada, an old college mate whom none of the folks have ever seen. Would you mind telling me where that theory connects with the—with the awful deed?"

Keeneyes smiled. "Indeed, you will have to excuse me from doing so."

"At least tell me," said Gregory, watching him intently, "if you suspect any one on the premises."

"The household consisted of twelve before Mr. Windinham's murder," said Keeneyes. "That is a good number to select from."

"Then, in fact, you do suspect one of them?"

"In fact, Mr. Windinham," said Keeneyes pleasantly, "I cannot answer your question. It would be unfair to me and to the object of my theory. But since the subject is reopened, let me assure you that we have a long ride before us. Whom do you suspect of this murder?"

The question was put so suddenly and unexpectedly that Gregory, who had looked for a long ans, worked, "I?" he said.

"Yes—you have some one in mind; who is it?"

"I will tell you, Sloan. My father was a Kentuckian. When he died in his native state, there was a feud between his family and the Hunters. Chase Hunter is the sole surviving member of his family. He openly killed my father's brother when only ten years old. Forty years have passed since Missouri years ago, and so for a long time lived in security. Chase Hunter has disappeared from his mountain home—has been gone at least six months. This I have learned by correspondence since the murder. Naturally I believe Chase Hunter is, or has been, hiding about here."

"Ah!" said Keeneyes. "In that case, your life is also in danger."

"God help me, yes!" said Gregory, with thrilling earnestness in his voice.

"The papers have said not a word of all this," mused Keeneyes.

"I did not reveal my fears lest it excite this feudist to immediate action. My father before he left Kentucky shot down Chase Hunter's grandfather, in retaliation for the assassination of his twenty-year-old brother. We have never discussed the feud, hoping our neighbors would never hear of it. In this way we thought we might live in security. In fact, none of my brothers and sisters knows of it except my oldest sister, Lucy. I told her about it after my—after the murder."

Keeneyes sat in profound thought. But he was not speculating about Chase Hunter. He had noticed that Gregory hesitated whenever he referred to his father. Why this? Surely the awful shock of the crime prompted reticence. Perhaps grief brought the catch in his voice. And yet Gregory did not appear overwhelmed by sorrow. True, he was troubled and preoccupied, concerned by inward thoughts, but Keeneyes suspected they were on his own account. The thought of the feudist hovering about his town would naturally make him anxious to give him a warning—a startled look which the young detective had observed. Still, was this why Gregory hesitated in the mention of his father's name?

"Gregory," said Keeneyes—"I must call you so, since we two old chums! I surmise me that you and your father had some difference before his death."

"Yes," Gregory started violently and his face became deathly white. "What do you mean? I never—I never—" he articulate voice.

Keeneyes was amazed by the manner in which his words had been received, but he answered quietly: "I mean a dispute about some serious matter."

Gregory, who had not yet recovered his composure, stared helplessly into the gray eyes which, keen as knife-blades, seemed to pierce his heart. After a pause he faltered: "How have you gained this impression?"

"My success as a detective," said Keeneyes, confidentially, "rests upon my vision. Remember, I am called 'Keeneyes.' I form my theories, I reason from events. But I throw away everything in favor of what my eyes see. Well, I have seen that you and your father had a difference before his death. That is all. It is very simple."

"But how have you seen—what have you seen?" came the startled questions.

"No matter, my dear Gregory. Do not ask me to betray the secret of this power." The young detective laughed pleasantly, and the other became calm.

"I regret to say," replied Gregory, "that we did have a difference—a dispute. When he died—in fact, in fact, we were not upon the very best of terms, on account of something I learned which he had for years concealed from me. It was about Chase Hunter. I had believed him dead. I did not think my father treated me right in hiding it. He never—and I told him so."

"Ah, well," said Keeneyes, "how small are our quarrels against the deeds of our disputants!"

"Perhaps," murmured Gregory, staring from the window.

"To go back to the case," said Keeneyes, "will you tell me something about this Edward Rich who was visiting you at the time?"

"He is a young medical student from Chicago. He became acquainted with my sister Lucy when she was visiting her aunt in the city, and they are very good friends, and as he is long trip he spent several days with us."

"Engaged suitor?"

"N-o-o, at least, I think it has not gone so far. He's a fine fellow, however, and I should not object. He went back the day the body was found—of course that put an end to visiting."

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"Is it possible that he wore your hat away with him?"

"Why, he might have done so," said Gregory.

"In that case he left his own," said Keeneyes.

"I do not know."

"I am very much interested in that hat," observed the detective.

"Really, Sloan," returned Gregory with a smile, "I cannot see the relevance. I am always losing my hat. Perhaps it has already been found."

"I hope so," said Keeneyes, seriously. "But the fact that it disappeared that very night from the hatrack, and that the front door stood open, causes me to regard that hat in the light of a vanished clue. By the way, what kind of a hat was it?"

"Straw—flat crown, narrow brim, black ribbon," said Gregory, smiling more and more. "It even had my name written in pencil on the lining, with the date of purchase—I forget when—some day in July. And a tiny blot of black ink under the ribbon in front; so if my name is erased, just look under the ribbon for the blot!"

"Go on," said Keeneyes, gravely; "this is splendid; but are there other means of identification?"

"Really, Sloan, you are as amusing as when we chummed at Harvard," said Gregory. "Well, let me see—yes, it had been cut in a shower, and was a little stiffer than when purchased. Also, it was my second-best straw hat."

Keeneyes now sank into a posture habitual with him when in deep thought. His legs were extended stiffly before him, his feet by his side, his arms crossed, his chin sunk upon his breast, and his penetrating eyes closed. He appeared asleep, and Gregory, presently believing him so, took up the evening paper and stared over it at the dancing trees. He, too, was deeply serious, in fact, as Avakenian called:

"Colburn!"

Keeneyes slowly opened his eyes.

"Here we are," said Gregory Windinham. "Where did you buy that hat?" inquired Keeneyes.

"Morton's store," said Gregory, briefly; "there in Colburn." He was growing tired of the subject. A hack carried them through the little town, then entered upon an imposing mansion which stood upon a farm about a mile from Colburg. It was a brick building, with the date of 1800 upon it. The yard was deeply shaded by forest trees; perhaps that was why the building a dismal, heavy, mournful look; or, perhaps Keeneyes associated the gloomy aspect of the house with the murder. At any rate, his first impression of the place was distinctly unpleasant. The grass had early in the year grown in waves under gloomy pines and oaks. Under luxuriant vines the bricks and the earth looked black and damp. Most of the windows showed closed shutters. None of them appeared to be open.

Nobody seems to be at home," observed Gregory at last, after gazing from the sidehack after the hack had driven away. As it was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Keeneyes was not only surprised at Gregory's prophecy—he was disappointed. For he, too, shrewd appetite. As they entered the darkened front hall by means of Gregory's night-stick, they heard a voice and clamor. "A splendid house," thought the detective, "for a murderer to choose to hide the purpose." He scanned the hall which was lighted by narrow panes on each side of the door, and by a window on the landing of the massive staircase.

"A very fine house, to be built on a farm," said Keeneyes aloud.

"But a trifle gloomy," said Gregory, standing at the foot of the staircase as if listening.

Keeneyes glanced at the hatrack. "Kindly tell me," he said cheerfully, "upon which peg—"

"Oh, bother the peg!" cried Gregory, impatiently. "Come, I will show you to your room."

CHAPTER III.

Gregory Windinham led the detective up the stairs. The heavy footsteps resounded with ghastly effect in the great, silent house. "Everybody away to one at home," said Gregory.

They reached the hall above. "You will occupy this front south room on the west," he continued. "Willis and I are next to you. Each of us has a passing door door, and opposite my room sleep Henrietta and Della. I've chosen rooms for you, though they are not expecting Harry Sloan to occupy it, but as detective."

The young detective returned his smile. "That room at the end of the hall, continued Gregory, "is Miss Pinda's apartment, the governess, you remember. There is a room on each side of her, but they do not open into this hall. One has an outside door, and the back-porch steps lead up to it. That is where the maid slept. The other room opens into yonder little hallway."

"Ah," said Keeneyes, "at first I did not see the narrow hall leading into this."

"That room is empty," said Gregory, cheerfully. "Yes, it is so obscured here in shadow, and so very narrow, it is often that a visitor discovers it, though he may spend several days in the house. It leads from the corner of the house. All vacant rooms in the wing—or lumber room—except the first one where Grape Finley sleeps.

Keeneyes stood at the mouth of the dark hallway which had evidently been formed from the end of Gregory's bedroom, when the frame wing was built to the main building. As the central hall was but dimly lighted, and this hall had no window, he could hardly see to the end of it. As he stood noting the bare floor and unpapered board walls, the door at the farther end slowly opened, and light streamed over the head and shoulders of a man in the doorway.

"All right, Grape," called Gregory.

The man left his room, leaving the door open, and came through the dark hallway with a quick, noiseless tread. He was tall, but held himself bent forward so that his height was not noticeable. He did not stiffen his knees when he walked, but kept them bent even when he stood still. His arms were long and thef, too, were a little bent at the elbows, while his head was held forward from the neck. His whole attitude was that of a man about to spring.

"This is Grape Finley," said Gregory. "Grape, this is my old college chum, Harry Sloan, come to stay with us a while. He is an especial friend of mine."

Grape Finley did not say a word. He stood with every joint bent as if ready for a leap. The young detective was unpleasantly affected, but he updated at his case. "Glad to meet you," he said, extending his hand.

Grape put a long, cold, damp hand into that of Richard Zellers, otherwise Keeneyes. After he had put it there, he took it away; it was a perfectly passive hand, and Keeneyes felt he was taking an unwelcome liberty in giving it a perfunctory squeeze.

"Well, come on to your room," said Gregory to his companion with the air of one who says, "Now I have shown you all the animals in the menagerie."

"The maid and cook," said Keeneyes, as they neared the stairway, "are they honest, they also are away?" It was the voice of hunger which spoke.

"Cook left the day after the—the deed," said Gregory. "We have no servants at present."

"And he?" asked Keeneyes.

"He does about everything," said the other, indifferently; "gardens, etc. An old servant—quite an eccentric, too. We let him have his way in everything. He's had his way here since the house was built. He lives in a little room under the landing points, but most minds are, you know."

"Ah, I see," said Gregory, and Keeneyes. "It is delicious to breathe good country air once more. Two splendid south windows, I see. This western window is nailed down."

"Yes," said Gregory, sitting in one of the south windows, which he had thrown up. "Grape always shuts the window of fire, and there's no view except the stables, etc.; and, moreover, the sheets are unpleasant when we have that window down."

"The windows in your room must be all up-stairs," said Keeneyes. "

HEARTS OF BLACK;

Or, Thorns in the Life of Aaron Burr — By Ida Shepler.

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CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH SOMEBODY GETS HIS FORTUNE TOLD.

A rumor went abroad that day that old Martin Chosel had fallen in a fit on hearing of the death of the young men, and the conviction of his daughter's maid on the double tragedy. Late that evening Hamilton called to see him. Mary met him, her eyes red with weeping, her finger on her lips.

"Say nothing to him of the tragedy. He loved Roger Marie!"

"He knows naught of the duel!" was Hamilton's query.

"Nothing, and I would have it kept from him until he recovers from the fainting spell of this morning."

Hamilton found his old friend sitting up, and in a few minutes Martin Chosel had made him acquainted with his financial trouble. His burdened mind would not permit him to keep the matter longer from his friend. Hamilton, small as the amount of indebtedness would seem to many, even then could not help him at the moment, although he calmly set himself to devise a means of holding off the settlement until he could do so.

"But what can you do, Alex" I know that you have expenses of your own that are great, and your fortune is limited. As Secretary of the Treasury, your pay is not large, and if it come to you on time I will not have guessed aright," Martin Chosel sadly remarked. "Were you to find me the money, I have nothing to back it with for your safety, for almost everything I own is to bring the bills down to their present state, even this house is not my own. Woe to me that I had no more stamina than to let that girl rule me as she has done. I have ever been but an easy child where the women of my household were concerned."

Bidding him not give away to such extrava dependency, and saying that a way would be found surely to save him from prison, Hamilton left him, resolving in his mind that when a fitting time came this monstrous law allowing one to die miserably in prison for debt should be stricken from national rulings.

In the hall below he came across Madeline, dressed in a starry costume of black, a large fling veil of white thrown over her arm, in her hand a mask surmounted by her quaint moon, ready for the masque ball given by Madame Marsden tonight. Hamilton gazed at her, a half rebuke in his eyes. In view of her father's illness and death of the man for whom she had published enmity and friendship, he had thought she would remain in seclusion for some few days.

"Madeline," he said reprovingly, "God has given you the face of an angel."

"And Satan has given me the heart of one of his angels, you are thinking, General Hamilton," she interrupted pertly. She saw the look in his eyes, and, quick as lightning to anger, resented it.

"Have you a heart, Madeline? If so, its blood must be black, not red! Does not your conscience chide you for the death of these young men? Have you no pity? Listen," and he drew nearer the perfect face, flushing hot with wrath. "I know whom you go to meet. For the sake of your own name, first; your old father and sisters, second, let that man alone. He cannot be trusted in weightier matters than those of the heart, and I know he cannot be trusted there. He is——"

"A moral leper, you would say?" she again interrupted, now haughtily. "I understand your dislike for Colonel Burr. You do him an injustice. You see simply a dark man, and fear, and with good reason, that through his keen intellect, wit and military renown, he will pass you to gain the position you covet. It is none but he and yourself that has instilled distrust of him into the heart of Washington. You presume upon your friendship with the latter, and for me when you pause to advise me. I know myself. When I want your advice I will ask it. Until then, do not address me, General Hamilton!"

A look of pity came into his eyes. She interpreted it as one of scorn, and as he passed out struck the door behind him in a revengeful way. A woman scorned by a woman; give back every scorn and gross on her way undisturbed; but a man, one who holds high opinions of the honor of womanhood and the sanctity of home life, never forgives. Madeline knew that and that in Night, with a misty wraith over the starry fields of her vestures, she went away to hell, her heart still seething with redoubled dislike of her father's friend.

"Who can we see on the way now," whispered Dolly Maraden to Madeline, Dolly herself could not have chosen a more wanderess or some other equally dumpy creature, for Madeline, ever elegant, the brains visible above his mask, a closed foot gown to the view, heard the whispered word, and answered in the same low tone, "Aaron Burr, said low!"

"My Queen of the Night, I have known you all of the time. Did ever other woman possess so fine, so trim, so perfect, and stately carriage? Who else, save myself, admires you, could ever mistake it for another? Dolly, my dear, you are born of all women, should be your name."

Madeline shivered. She liked it not when he talked to her in this vein. She had noticed the change of word from love to admire, and prefer for him, resenting it quickly:

"Come with me ere the unmasking begins. We have time. Dolly and I have found the quaintest old woman sitting in a cot but a little ways from these grounds. She has told Dolly and I strange truths of our past, and future. Come, I would learn what is to Come. I would learn what of our—of your future."

Satan laughed, low and musical. Considered to possess a peculiar hypnotic influence over all women in whose presence he came, and the same over most men, in this case Burr, he was fully conscious that he had the beautiful girl, who, in spite of a vaguely asserted gradation in sex, had cast the hypnotic spell of her rare eyes over him, moulding him to her will in the presence of her charms. Over and over in the past sexes he knew were furtively seeking each other's eyes, to say they knew many might have penetrated their disguise!

"We must be cautious," he whispered. "You fear for the tongues of your political enemies, only, I judge," she asserted, with a contemptuous glance at him. "I dismiss us. A labyrinth of shrubbery leads from the conservatory to the next street, beyond which, but a short distance, is a row of lowly huts. The Dame lives in the nearest."

A soft, white hand on his arm drew him, reluctantly, through the throng, and on apart for foliage and flowers, and down the labyrinth and then beyond they stood at a one-roomed hut, through the open door of which they could see an old woman sitting at a table, apparently dreaming.

"Her own," the man said, drawing back, "what strange superstition is this you are showing?"

"Come," she said, with a tighter clasp on his hand, "Superstition or not, I feel that she knows. Come!" and she pushed out, "I have brought you Satan. Read his horoscope. Keep your mask closely over your face and don't speak!" and she turned and darted back to her companion.

With a cautious glance at the rather frightful costume, and another for the girl, the old woman drew back, and pulling a table to the fire that the fagot light might shine upon it, motioned her visitors to seats placed near the table. Satan, now in a she new spread a large sheet of paper, map-like in its many scored lines and figures and symbols. On this map she placed the oracle in the shape of a small silver star set on three tiny legs, two of solid, one of silver. "Now," the woman began in low, cultivated tones, "tell this silver oracle the date of your birth."

"I will," spoke the man, "but is it not the business of the oracle to find out such small matters? Methinks it must, therefore, rise in the weightier matters it pretends to see!"

"It is simply selected with strange figures and symbols. On this map she placed the oracle in the shape of a small silver star set on three tiny legs, two of solid, one of silver. "Now," the woman began in low, cultivated tones, "tell this silver oracle the date of your birth."

"I will," spoke the man, "but is it not the business of the oracle to find out such small matters? Methinks it must, therefore, rise in the weightier matters it pretends to see!"

"It is simply selected to save time in finding the star of your nativity. See, I place the oracle directly over your star. Now watch it," was the quiet answer.

He looked over to eagerly watch the star move, not by the touch of a finger, but seemingly from some power she wafted down by her hand moving above it, each time the silver leg stopping directly on the sign or symbol from which she read her predictions.

Madeline, the firelight touching up her pretty face and costume, sat with elbows on her knees and chin in the palms of her hands, intently listening. "What is there of love for him, Dame?" she finally put in.

"Nothing that I can see. Love, yes there is plenty of it, but in the midst of much love I see nothing but clouds and darkness. He answers for the lack of that which he has in plenty."

"Here," she went on, "the star glides into the midst of futurity. It circles midst crowns, crowns and sceptres. You stand by a throne. The crown gleams above your head."

"But, Dame," he interrupted; "you said but a moment ago that I am a patriot. Patriots do not sit on thrones and wear crowns."

"It is a patriot's throne, a patriot's crown," was the terse reply. "From the land come great honors, great expectations and a great, wide way comes calamity. Beware of the great waters! Now the star follows clouded ways. Be prudent, be wise. Aaron Burr, there is no use to tell you all you have. I see a mocking face, a mocking, fiend like face, and it is yours. Far from this land she calls to you. You are born to rule, not a crown. All that is good in life will come to you, but the evil in life will follow. There are suns, there are moons, there are stars in the heaven of your life. Let love alone, and the stars will guide you. Now, my child, your own destiny. I can tell you no more."

Satan stared. The woman had guessed his identity. Throwing a handful of gold on the table, he hurried from the cot with Madeline, Dolly at the end of the long labyrinth before either spoke. Then Madeline, shivering, drew her mask closer.

"I believe that fortune. I saw it as she said. From the far Southwest comes your victory, your crown. She has told me you that here you can never, never reach the heart of your ambitions. There is one man, cold and passionless, who will ever stand in the way. Dolly, I heard him call you a moral leper. Were he God he might succeed, but not while he lives. I have him, and I will be the southern star in the south——"

The monologue ended strangely. Then, turning swiftly, she caught his hands and, looking into his eyes full into the dark ones, said almost fiercely: "Colonel Burr, I have been as now twelve years ago, and you had called me a moral leper, would I call you a moral leper. Were he God he might succeed, but not while he lives. I have him, and I will be the southern star in the south——"

The monologue ended strangely. Then, turning swiftly, she caught his hands and, looking into his eyes full into the dark ones, said almost fiercely: "Colonel Burr, I have been as now twelve years ago, and you had called me a moral leper, would I call you a moral leper. Were he God he might succeed, but not while he lives. I have him, and I will be the southern star in the south——"

"Madeline, times over have I forbidden the mention of a name between us. Theodosia is my wife, the mother of my child. Remember that in the future."

Her face flushed, then stiffened with hauteur until she towered above him.

"Remember Colonel Burr, you seem to forget who I am, also. Remember, I will speak for myself when and where I please. Do you hear that? And I will not have you that tie holding her to you. I could make you love me, Colonel Burr, as I was a child young. I will go away and bide my time for the end, sternly——"

Just. Go in that door, Colonel Burr, and I will go this way. That will save your name. As for me, I do not care. I say this coldly, imperiously, she left him.

Left to himself, Burr, with Madeline paused, burying her burning cheeks in the cool vines at his side. To her the scene and all the world had suddenly become blank, and of no account. He did not love her, Colonel Burr, and yet he was tempted to love her. Her life here was over for the present; for him, as for her, the years to come would be wrinkled and gray when I am young, I will leave him to her. She thought, leave him to her.

She had taken off her mask and was fanning her face with it when De Campanel, in the costume of a twelfth century knight, strutted up the terrace, jerking the stifling visor and helmet from his enormous head, puffed as he dropped into a chair nearby.

"How cool, and lovely, and lonely you look. Have you my answer ready, my dear heart? The ship sails in two days." Leaving forward as he spoke, he took her cool, white hand in his swarthy, damp hand, and she let it be there, choking back the gasp of disgust. "It is to be a secret between us—a secret that, were I not so sure you do love me, you do belong to me, I would not tell. But I can trust you. In my land, married to me, you may yet help rule a kingdom. Land, wealth, honor, await you there. Jewels and rare gold the like of which no queen owns—all for you. Here what can you expect? Can these grouchy, quarreling politicians that swarm in society, and through your father's house like bees, offer you what I do? Nay. You are too gloriously beautiful to fade away in this country of alternate rocky barrenness, and swampy, malaria-stricken land, the cold and Indians even a menace to life. There we have riches and warmth and gold, here there is little money, no credit, and eternal bickering."

Inwardly shrinking, outwardly calm, Madeline said, turning away her face from contemplating his: "I will go with you. But before I go I must have three or four thousand dollars in gold to leave at home. Can I have it? Can you get it for me?"

"Can I get it, my love? A hundred times that if your sweet lips only ask it."

The day after, Madeline entered the room where her father sat propped in an easy chair by the loving hands of his eldest daughter. Madeline had a paper upon his knee, saying:

"The gold this paper will bring you lies in the bank of New York. It is to relieve you of present distress. Tomorrow I go away as the wife of Campanel."

Mary, a look of pity in her eyes, the same pity in her voice, cried:

"You have sacrificed your youth, your beauty, that father and sisters be saved from prison. Forgive me, Madeline, my thoughts were unjust of your indifference, your selfish nature."

Madeline put her hands to her ears to shut out the words, and, turning away, white with the pity, rang truer to one of them than the first. Never can sorry was over. Then she left the room without further leave taking. On the morrow, with a cool farewell for her father, Mary and Dolly, and no message left behind for her sorrowing sister, Madeline, the fair, left to be seen no more for years in its highways and byways.

CHAPTER V.

A DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST REBELLION.

Some four years after the preceding chapter, in the wheat land districts of Penn's Woods, a small village by a fine stream where a grist mill was humming and pounding out its grain, yellow with sunshine and the reflection from the cornfields, lay the Radford lands.

Ralph Radford, very tall and very broad in proportion, this perfect afternoon paused upon the broad, vine-shaded porch before entering his home, and gazed at the scene about him with an air of vexation and discontent for all that was beautiful. Then the green of the corn between the yellow of the wheat fields, and the sunlight everywhere found about it all. "Little use to bother with the wheat, I will it bring to pay for the labor?" he said to himself in low tone. The face of the man, in age somewhere between forty and fifty, was young, a good face, even a handsome face, in an indolent, good way, though the brow was drawn slightly in set, stern lines, and every other part of the strong, soldierly body denoting a firm purpose in life, save perhaps for himself to do or believe.

Within the cool, dim kitchens of the house a young girl flitted back and forth between the long dining table and a big brick oven built some distance from the kitchen door, and glancing in a vague, troubled way, now and then at the road that must pass. These were troublesome days for the Radfords, and especially since the passage of the excise laws, suggested by Alexander Hamilton and lately endorsed by Washington and Congress. Because of this the makers being far away for wheat, and the distilleries being so few in the land, mainly manufactured nearer home into whiskey, the tax was heavy, and because of this kind was hurting the sale of the wheat, the profits of these enterprises were going out of business. Then, to add to the feeling that a free people resented, their attitude in the matter, there had been a protest the notice of Congress, and being strongly condemned by President Radford for the last the insurrection in this vicinity and far around. Large, brave, and endowed with great intelligence and a strong character had loved him an ideal leader.

Ralph Radford had eyes to better discern a young country athlete swinging up the road than the land lessons the Radford lands to those of Henry Mondaire, and was made against the dictates of General Hamilton, and accepted as a boon by Congress and George Washington. The young man was pleasing to look upon, with his dark hair and hair, with straight, honestly outlined features, and Martin Chosel been present he might have recognized in the features of the disturbers of the peace at that tradesmen's duel in New York, which had not compromised the young wheatlander—as they were called—to any extent, but that the word had first gone beyond the floor. Bill was getting the worst end of the momentary altercation, and some of his friends were hurrying to his rescue, when the young woman who had been left in the carriage, and who was speedily developing a tender heart for the wounded, rushed in to his help, hindering more than helping in the matter of her being in the way, outside assistance came to the two combatants, and between to wait and later fight it out with guns, which is the more now progressive way.

"Annabel, there comes Harry," spoke Susan Radford.

"We will get the effigy ready in a hurry now."

But Annabel, the flush deepening slightly on her cheek, glanced across her shoulder at the man she had but lately, at her father's request, been forbidden to see or converse.

"Not soon," she had plaintively asserted. "Harry is too young to marry, or to know one's mind, Granny says, and Granny is wise in these matters. I know I am honored by your love, Mr. Montaine, but I am not sure of myself."

Now, with the one brief glance, the girl hurried into the house with her load of freshly-baked cakes.

In the great kitchen, Aunt Dorothy, Sanson Radford's sister, and housekeeper since the death of his wife, assisted by a half dozen neighbors, bustled about in the cook-

ing of piles of viands for the coming night's festivities. At a window, deeply shaded by flowers and vines without, a hale, cherry-faced old woman sat spinning—Santon Radford's mother. She looked up with a coaxing smile at the entrance of her grandchild, intently studying the sweet face, with its blush-rose complexion, starry blue eyes, and wavy brown hair, put simply back with a blue ribbon, and left rippling over her shoulders. To Granny, the dawning beauty of her son's only child was a source of pleasure that she secretly prayed might not cause harm to come to the child because of its extreme idolatry on her part.

"Come here to Granny, honey love," she said. "You've done enough today of that foolish cooking. Your eyes are sad, for you like not this preparation for war, this defying the laws of the land. And to hang a man in effigy, especially such a man as that, methinks is wrong. Sam told me a while ago he bay mare has a bad wound from a thorn, one of the poisonous kind. I must speed away and make some medicine for it, but I have no Black Snake root. Take your little basket, sweetheart, and hie thee away to the river, near the ford, where it grows, and get me some."

Hurriedly Annabel did as bidden. Today was one of the days when all the world seemed going wrong, and hatefully wrong at that. The woods that stretched hastily about seemed to stifle and shut her in a prison of a few fields' space. "Oh, to get a glimpse of that great world that lay beyond!" she so often spoke aloud.

"See," said Aunt Dorothy, "Harry sent word in that he wanted to see Annabel without on the porch, and she goes off for-

"Shoot to kill if you must, but your aim will kill me!"

getting that the word was given or that he exists."

The girl to whom this was said, a cousin and as plain as Annabel was pretty, turned up her nose with a sniff. "Trust a dolt-face to be always looking out for something better than an honest man in their eyes. Harry's a fine fellow. I don't see that she's 'moonin' after somebody else beside him."

"Oh, not a bit," resented Aunt Dorothy. "It's just this, the child's too young to be bothered with talk of marriage and keepin' house and so forth. She'd rather be let alone."

The Black Squaw roots were easily secured. Annabel soon paralled Granny on too many such excursions to not know all manner of medicinal plants. As she gathered them, she glanced often at the swollen river below. While she had stood near in the hazel nothing the waters crept back fast inch by inch into the narrow wagon road that covered the river to appear beyond the opposite bank. Just before twilight she paused to get a view of river a critical glance. Heavy rains, and a cloudburst or two on the hills beyond, that morning, were enough to bid high water mark at this point this afternoon. As she looked, a man seated in a buckboard, a common driving vehicle of that day, the vehicle driven by a large black horse, came down the opposite road to the water's edge. From that distance she could see that, from his appearance, he must be from some city.

Seeing that he intended to try crossing the ford, she dropped her basket and screamed:

"Go back! Oh, go back! You cannot cross! See, the water is running over Bimdman's Rock! No one dares ford the river when the water gets near the top of that rock, let alone over it. Wait, and I will come for you if you can leave your horse on the other side. If not, you must go around by the town below! A bridge crosses the river there."

But the wind blew her words away from him. He thought when he came to where the waters dashed over the hidden rock, that there must be some access at that point in the river, and whipped the protesting horse in that direction.

"Oh, mercy, mercy!" she moaned, "he will be overturned. No horse can swim against that current." As she said this she was running along the bank looking for a boat which should be there if the rise of water had not carried it away.

"Thank Heaven, it is safe!" she breathed, running into the water to untie it. In her hurry she cut and bruised her hands.

When too late the lover had been his mistake. Before the rock was reached the vehicle was bumping and floating like a cork at the side of the horse, who was battling bravely with the rushing current and an undertow setting in from hidden swirls about the rock. Aaron Burr had faced danger—faced it as men devoid of fear and sometimes caution, face it; but to drown miserably tangled up with a tossing vehicle and strangling, struggling horse, was a peril that before he had not encountered.

He could see the girl putting out to his rescue, her childishly rounded arms sending the water from her in short strokes that in time, which he was certain she could not do, for by the time he had given the horse

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What is one man's automobile is another man's juggernaut.

The wise man learns something every time the fool blunders.

The wind is seldom tempered to suit the shorn Wall street lamb.

One can prove anything by statistics except the truth of the statistics.

Many a young man marries in haste and repents at his father-in-law's.

If you would forget business cares spend your vacation where mosquitoes abound.

Next time an accountant wants to go to Washington probably he will get a pass.

Isn't any one going to notify Mr. Debs, or is he supposed to be bright enough to know?

September and October promise to furnish a bumper crop of admission tickets at St. Louis.

A Kentucky man was recently arrested for having a collection of curiosities. He was the husband of seven wives.

Swallowing toothache medicine made a girl deathly sick. As a general thing more relief is secured by biting the dentist.

With the Duke of Marlborough as its governor-general, the United States would almost feel like a sister-in-law to Canada.

Really, it is unnecessary for the consumer to consult the department of correspondence in order to find out that living is high.

It may or may not comfort Dave Hill to note that his determination to retire from politics is occasioning real regret among the Republicans.

This announcement that stogies may be made of sugar-beet leaves clears up a matter that had long been a mystery to persons who have smoked them.

As the Cranevitch cannot rend and write as yet, it will not be necessary to break to him the news of the fall of Port Arthur until several years after it happens.

There is a report that the Baltic fleet has already started by the Arctic route. Togo will try to warm it up after the chilly passage if there is any truth in the rumor.

Unless pressure is brought to bear it is evident that in this country the double crosses will get the double cross from men who take pride in the looks of their trousers.

A Philadelphia man at the risk of his life stopped a runaway horse, whereupon the driver gave his rescuer a 5-cent piece. Ordinarily 5 cents is a low price for a human life, but all things considered it was probably a high estimate in this case.

A MAN OF MYSTERY;
...OR...
WHO WAS BETRAYED.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

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CHAPTER XX.
STILL ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY.

"We consider him the most dangerous of all revolutionists."

The words were spoken by Vladimir Vladiskoff, and the only one present, with the exception of that gentleman's secretary, was Larkin Lawless.

It was not the first time, by several, that Aileen Molyneux, in her new character of Arthur Loftus, had been seated in the same room with the man she had once loved, but now hated with an intensity which showed plainly that it had been the pride of the young girl that had been so deeply wounded, rather than her affections.

But, though Aileen had been thus present when Lawless made his salute upon Mr. Vladiskoff, and had returned his salutations mechanically when he came and went, their eyes had never met on these occasions. It is doubtful, had they done so, if Larkin Lawless would have recognized her, but her wish was to take every precaution to prevent that from happening which would destroy the influence that had of late dawned upon her.

Aileen Molyneux could one day make herself known to Larkin Lawless—but not just yet.

"I'm a dangerous and most unscrupulous man. There is none more so in all the ranks of the Nihilists," Larkin Lawless continued. "He was, it is believed, concerned in the assassination of the late governor. He is known to have plotted against the life of his son and successor."

It is perhaps needless to say that he was speaking of Paul Polinski.

"Of course, Larkin Lawless; "however true all that may be, we have nothing to do with that part of it over here."

"Possibly not—I mean, I should say, that goes without saying. But he is with you, all the same."

"He is in sympathy with our hopes and schemes for a free Poland, if you mean that."

"That is what I implied. You are not concerned in his past, nor, for that matter, in his future, even, such as it were to be what he probably paints it in his exuberant fancy. We'll take care of that, however."

"What I would ask is, not whether you have sympathy with him. In point of fact, I don't care a silver rouble whether you have or not. But, whether you, I mean yourself individually, have his entire sympathy and confidence."

"I am inclined to think so."

"But are you sure of it?"

"Well, since you insist upon a definite answer, Mr. Vladiskoff, I will say, in the most important air, "I am convinced that I have."

"He attends your meetings?"

"Not so often as he was the reply.

Lark had no intention of letting out, even to Vladiskoff, the fact that he was present at the purchase of the arms.

"Then you do not see him as frequently as before, I take it?"

"More so, if anything. Latterly, indeed, he has found himself out of sympathy with many in our ranks, and has been thrown, to some extent, upon my society for self for companionship."

"You are fortunate," said the Russian, sarcastically.

"That's as it may turn out," was Lark's rejoinder. It was almost as if he had said, "That depends on you."

Thus, indeed, it seemed to strike the secretary, who sat writing at a desk on the farther side of the room.

The tone of Lawless was so significant that Arthur Loftus raised his eyes and scanned the face of the man who spoke.

It was clear that business was in the air, and business that concerned Paul Polinski, whoever or whatever that gentleman with the foreign, cutaneous might be. Whatever it was, it was evidently only in its incipient stages, and Aileen could not but see that it was not altogether of a character with which she was likely to be entrusted. But, so far as Larkin Lawless might be concerned in it, she was interested.

She would watch and wait.

When the time came to act—and she felt that it would come—Aileen had no thought of turning traitor to her employer; although she did not feel greatly indebted to Vladimir, kind and considerate though he had ever been. The obligation, in fact, was on the other side.

Neither did she feel any interest in this alleged Nihilist except so far as he might be in the toils of Larkin Lawless.

One thing, however, might be depended upon. No duty, real or fancied, to Vladiskoff, no pity for Polinski, should be be an object of it, would ever keep her from exposing and disgracing Lark Lawless when the moment arrived. Quiet and calm and patient though she seemed, there had never been a truer exemplification of the aphorism: "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned!"

Still, although firmly convinced that something was projected which was for the benefit and behoof of the man she so hated, no matter whom it might serve, Aileen was as far as ever from getting at the subject that was in the minds of the two men. Yet she sat, and listened.

"He has now everything, I have no doubt," ventured the agent of the Czar.

"So he leads me to think."

"If fancied as much. Then, perhaps, you know whether, at this moment, he is expecting any of his fellow Nihilists from abroad to visit him?"

Lawless put on his thinking cap.

"Not exactly that, perhaps," he said at length, "but he does speak of one who may be expected in a little time, bringing with him intelligence that it would not be safe to transmit by letter."

"Indeed! And from what point?"

"He hails from Vienna."

"Expecting any of his fellow Nihilists from abroad to visit him?"

"He has never even seen him."

"Young or old, is he?"

"Comparatively young, he imagines him to be."

"Good, very good."

Vladiskoff rose from the couch on which he had been lounging during this part of the conversation, and began pacing the room as if under the influence of the excitement that possessed him.

He spoke to the secretary, a new phase in Vladiskoff's department, and she watched him closely while pretending to be busily engaged at her desk.

At length he paused and sat down, but this time with a bright attitude and with a determined air.

"This expected arrival—is he a Pole, are you aware?"

"No, a Czech."

"Ah! And Polinski looks for him soon?"

"It is possible—so he remarked the other day—that he may arrive at any time, but he does not expect him earlier than next week. When he arrives it will be unheralded."

"Of guarantee that. His name—have you heard it?"

"Several times. It is Brunner."

Vladiskoff started again on his feet in an instant, but this time it was to bring out his whole frame in folio form, the index to which he began inspecting.

"Is Brunner, you said. Was it Serge or Stanislaus whom you remember?"

"Serge Brunner was the name."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Positive," replied Lawless.

Vladiskoff laughed up the folio again, and proceeded to light a cigar.

"I shall be able to tell you all about that same Brunner, Lawless," he said, "when he arrives."

"But that may be very soon."

"Let it be as early as you please."

Lark Lawless was puzzled, and a trifle.

Was the Russian to obtain the intelligence thus promised by cable?

Vladiskoff saw that he was puzzled, and hastened to relieve him.

"I know all there," he explained, pointing to a row of books. Then, removing one, he showed Lawless that it was in manuscript—the work of a secret agent.

"Oh, I shall know all about him at my leisure. Polinski should—ought—to—therefore," he said.

"He knows but little, he tells me," replied Lark.

"All the better; but I should be prepared for him nevertheless, I suppose."

At once it dawned upon Aileen that this was the explanation of the seeming illtentate man of the world, in whose employ she had been for the past year. She had been in possession of the fact that Vladiskoff was much interested in the movements and characters of his country's peace, that had been impossible in the position which she held, but it had been her belief that he felt in it no more than the passing interest that was to be expected from him.

Well, she was not committed to the impersonal policy; nor to Vladimir Vladiskoff either, for that matter.

"I think I can promise your venerable friend," continued Vladiskoff, "that his expected visitor will be here in a day or two."

"You know, then, that he was expected?"

"I know, at the present moment, that he is coming."

The mystified expression on Lark's countenance appeared to amuse him greatly.

"You are too innocent for this world," he exclaimed, with a laugh.

"Rather facetious, are you not?" inquired Lawless.

"Not at all," said the Russian. "Call to-morrow evening, and you will then see what I mean. It is probable that this Mr. Brunner will be here, and I shall take great pleasure in introducing you.

"But not a word to Paul Polinski, if you please."

"To be sure not, but, stupid though you may think me, I do not altogether see—oh! it has just flashed upon me; you will have some one to personate him."

"That I will you may rest assured of."

The smile of Vladiskoff was now more like a fiendish grin.

He lowered his voice.

"Can you not comprehend? For the time being, I am Serge Brunner!"

CHAPTER XXI.
THE WAY OF ESCAPE OPENED.

If the private secretary of Mr. Vladimir Vladiskoff was startled by the declaration made by that gentleman, Larkin Lawless was not less so. But there was no opportunity given him to question the young Russian further. Pleasantly, but decidedly, it was intimated that the audience of the morning was at an end.

Nor was any further information vouchsafed Aileen, as her employer, after answering one of the blank books he had indicated, retired to his private apartment, first directing the secretary to say to all callers that he was particularly engaged.

Lark Lawless went to his lodging in quite a fever of excitement. That he was to be called upon to betray the Russian anarchist, that in effect he had already done so, was plain to him, his own involuntarily in the matter gave him no concern—he was long ago past that point—but his fear was that he might be implicated with the former.

Polinski, childlike though he was in many things, had all the wiles of the serpent in others. He was not one who would be be easily deceived.

Once the evening twenty-four hours passed with him, a day of suspense not unmixed with mental torture, and again, by appointment, he met the man who had read him from the first, with all Lawless were capable of by his fair and specious pretenses; who had taken his measure, and who now purposed to use him.

"Well," was the Russian's first greeting, "Mr. Brunner is here!"

Aileen sat writing, her back turned, and apparently gave no heed to what was being said.

"I expected to meet him," said Lark.

"I was sure of it."

They sat down at the farther end of the room from where Aileen sat, and continued their conversation in a low tone, not one word of which, however, was lost upon her.

"I have been reading up thoroughly since I saw you," began Vladiskoff, "and I have now our whole future program at my fingers' ends. My interviews with the Fokers and others I have been in America has kept me up in all their doings here; and, from friends, that your purposes, and those who, like myself, are among the initiated, I know at all that has been going on in their ranks nearer home.

"That, you know, my dear Lawless, has been my business hitherto, and there is little fear that I should have slipped up at any point in an intercourse with the Nihilist himself.

"Indeed, I should have sought such long ere this, had I seen anything to be gained by it, or had I known what name it was best to seek information by, thanks to the information you gave me yesterday, I am ready to proceed."

"But how?" inquired Lawless.

"Can you not?"

"I can, and do. What is it that you propose to accomplish?"

"Your formal introduction to Paul Polinski."

"Through whom?"

"Yourself, as a matter of course. You do not think it possible, I hope, that I could slight you?" said Vladiskoff with an injured air.

Larkin Lawless looked anything but flattered.

He felt by no means certain of his ground; and, in any event, he wanted first to know in what way he was likely to be benefited by the change whatever it might be, which the imperialist spy intended pursuing.

The latter, however, had no thought of keeping him long in ignorance.

"First of all," he continued, "you are to announce to your friend Polinski the arrival—and the Brunner manner of it—yesterday —of Serge Brunner, from Vienna."

"And that Brunner is to be the first to know that he is here?"

"Oh, they have already learned, over there, that all the prophets of Israel has been instructed to seek Polinski among the Land Leaguers; and, naturally, he came to you."

"I understand."

"Of course you do. But you have not yet the full meaning of this move of mine. I see that you—"

"I confess," said Lark, "that I have not."

"Then, Paul Polinski, in addition to his past political crimes, he known to me is the repository of many secrets—which I probably can have any other time—that will give the Imperial Government would give much to have in their possession."

The villain's face lighted up at this. Lark saw that he had not been mistaken in his estimate of Vladiskoff, let it be what it might, meant money to him in the end.

"What I want out of this affair which is the cause of my present visit to America," continued Vladiskoff, "is more than one of several others, I may as well tell you right ever since I have known of Polinski's presence here I have been cracked my brain, though fruitlessly, for a plan by which he could be induced to return to his native country.

"I have found it at last!"

"He will never go there!" exclaimed Lawless.

"We shall see. Not willingly or knowingly, perhaps, but it will come to that in the long run."

"Are you at liberty to tell me in what way?"

"Most assuredly, since I need, and expect to have, your valuable assistance.

"But, first, I must put to you one or two questions."

"Proceed. I am ready."

"You know his dream of seeing all Europe, and Asia, to, engaged in a struggle which will end in the chaos he and his kind of cattle advocate; and that this general conflagration is to be started in a short time from now?"

"Such is his delusion."

"Even do you so aware if he has communicated his views and schemes in that connection to the brethren in Europe?"

"He has not," was Lark's reply. "Polinski trusts nothing to writing. He waits to enlighten me further upon that, when—"

"Dear old man! Well, he shall begin with me. But I shall start the ball in motion by informing him that a like inspiration has come to certain other of our leaders, that I have sent out to consult with him—"

"I perceive; but go on."

"And persuade him that his presence in Vienna is necessary to putting certain State machinations under way, which are absolutely essential to the furtherance of the plot, and the complete knowledge of which is confined to himself."

"Once in Vienna, you believe——"

"I believe, and know, that once in Vienna the Austrian Capital, and in our hands, the hands of supposed friends, his transmission across the Russian frontier is only a question of time—yes, and a short time at that."

"He will be glad to see you, I can see in what way I am to aid you."

"My aid will be invaluable. First of all, in introducing me to your friend, which in itself—trusted as you are by him—will be a factor in overcoming suspicion he might have; and, later on, by falling in with him there, and counseling him to join me on my speedy return to Vienna."

"True, I could do that much."

Lark seemed to hesitate.

"So much, Russian, "you are very naturally desirous of knowing how you are to be recompensed."

Lark began, somewhat indignantly, to repudiate the necessary idea in connection with Vladikoff's proposal, but was instantly checked by that gentleman.

"Pshaw!" he said; "we will speak of that, too, presently."

"Is this private visit alone?" asked Lawless.

"My own, solely and entirely. If successful in carrying it out, I commit no breach of interests existing for the party organization me of his own free will. On the face of it, it will have the appearance, but you see yourself it would be nothing of the sort."

"But, in such a case, supposing you succeed in cajoling him as far as Vienna, and then and there getting him and convey him across the frontier, would your Government accept the offer of detaining him?"

"Who is to protest? Your Irish Republic? Certainly not. The great American one," said the Muscovite with a sneer. "And, suppose it should—— ah! I see you do not know me."

"I do not, I acknowledge; but what I would know——"

"What they will be willing to pay for him—is not that it, Lawless?"

Lark reddened.

"I see you are determined to misunderstand me," he said, angrily.

"Quite the contrary. I comprehend you perfectly. Assuming that you are very sure you take in the furtherance of the scheme shall be in a position to liberally—"

"Will Polinski's life be in danger if he should be returned to Russia as you propose?"

Lark spoke as if his conscience was yet in the ring, and was desirous to be put to extra for being stilled.

"Judge for yourself. He has, from his youth, identified himself with all the—well, call them popular aspirations of the Poles and nationalities. His early efforts to free himself to the revolutionary party, and whom the previous efforts of himself and his friends were detected, he fled for his life.

"You see, then, that it is already forfeited."

"Mercy, however, may be extended——"

"Possibly, in some cases. That is all there is to that," interrupted Vladikoff.

Lark knew, as well as he, that the Russian had said it in so many words, that the latter was bent on carrying out his plot, and that he spoke so to prevent all further remuneration in the event of the success of his plot. The reward which the Government would pay for his capture was willingly share with the one who made it possible to effect it.

Affairs looked no dark for this Iscariot that he grasped greedily at anything that offered.

His future with his party was already without promise, his present position among them and in society was imperiled; it might even, at any moment, be exchanged for that of a felon. He saw a perfect hand for the accumulation of a competence prior to his making flight, and now another was so offered him. He could not have been better pleased.

Then came a further suggestion:

"If you could accompany me, Lawless? Think it over."

Yes; it he could.

That would suit him exactly.

He was only too anxious to get away, and now waited only for the return from the West of his agent—the agent of the Land League.

"I would like it best in the world," he thought. "But it must depend on Fitzgerald."

CHAPTER XXII.

RAISING THE WIND.

"Mem.: Start idea at once. Funds in Western treasurer's hands to be called in. Object tangible, just suit prevailing craze. Fits the man. Cool hundred thousand at least already collected. Must work cards and get myself appointed agent for purchase. See Pitt and others touching. Can do it within a week, and then levant."

Mondolet read the paper he had purloined from Polinski's apartment, and read the above memorandum when he was once more safe in his own room. Then, was not what Lark Lawless had been scribbling unknown to his friend, and which he then, no doubt, believed to be safe in his pocket.

Was it proof of his perfidy?

Such was Mondelet's first mental query.

The writing was plainly that of Lawless, the Frenchman knew that much, and besides there was conclusive evidence in that brief record that the scoundrel's intention was to appropriate the funds collected by this Pitt in his own name, while ostensibly acting as the agent of the deluded people in the purchase of the rifles.

"Pitt," mused Mondelet, and been to seek thus to aid his memory! How much wiser it would have been on his part, to have taken a leaf out of Polinski's book, and trusted nothing to hazard!

"This alone will condemn him," was the conclusion of Mondelet, as he put the telltale letter by, and resolved, if not that very one day use it, and that before the brilliant Lark Lawless could have time to "levant" with the stolen thousands of his dupes!"

Whether or whatever Antoine Mondelet might be, whatever his motives, and baseness in thus spying upon Larkin Lawless, was he to be the confidant, he had no harm that he could. It might be mere private matter, and all the more he was to be seemed to deem it a public duty to show to those who had served in and trusted Lark, how base the man was who had no thought respecting and treating with such generosity of his belief.

"Yes, I'll keep this precious document," he said of himself, "and thank you, Lark, for producing it; and, in the meantime, I must look up this Pitt, whoever he may be, when he has returned on his present mission."

Mondelet resolved. Mondelet set about making inquiries in a quiet way, and soon learned that one Pitt, a delegate, had left secretly for Chicago to attend a meeting of the Land League in that city.

This, he learned, must be his man, and his errand unquestionably was that mentioned in the memo. How he should be sent, viz., to call in from the local treasurers the funds in their possession.

His return, it seemed probable, was only a question of a few days, and Mondelet was determined to be present on the spot; his hands should be turned over, the compromising memorandum must be placed in his hands.

While taking advantage, day after day, of the observations he had contrived, the Frenchman saw much that, had he been in the original plot, he would have approved, which held Polinski in fear, would have been valuable in securing himself from, and to him, they appeared to have no interest.

The Polinski of late had become more and more than ever; and Mondelet noticed that all, as they entered his apartment, bowed with more or less profundity to him. One by one, then, it was plain, were strangers and foreigners, that is, to Mondelet, and were shown up who was unquestionably of the better class, but who, nevertheless, in some manner enough to look at. A few, in addition to being heavily booted and coarsely clad, were unquestionably of the peasant class.

Not only was an object of some moment in Mondelet's eyes; though, as his conversation with Polinski soon showed him, to the unknown tongue, he could form only the vaguest idea as to what his special business with Polinski might be, but also for the reason why he suspected that more was beneath the surface than the too-credulous exile.

The reason for such suspicion on Mondelet's part was simply this: The stranger with Polinski was not Lawless.

Evidently a young man, the hair, beard, mustache and eyebrows were of a silvery white, in direct contrast with a complexion that was fair and boyish, and eyes that, in their clear blue, failed not a few times on every movement was quick and alert, and that was that of one who meant business.

That the object in the mysterious visit was solicitous in its quarter was quite plain; but, beyond that, Mondelet could not predicted.

Mondelet had foreseen, when he located in the Hotel de la Commune, that he might have a decidedly difficult part to play; but, as affairs developed, he found it more and more to be learned that would be of advantage to him, and in his hand. The visit of Lawless had some fresh inachination of, and one that was intended to victimize his Polish friend, was apparent. But it was, Mondelet might be no nearer discovering if he followed the stranger from his post than he was at that moment. In any event, it was not materially concern him.

The project he had in his head, when he sought such close proximity to Polinski, had been accomplished in a much shorter time than he had thought it would be. A difficult though it had seemed to him at the start, it had proved to be delightfully simple; and he now held the reins in his hands. Never might be—indeed, it appeared certain that Lawless was—aware of the foot of Lark's centricity; but Mondelet did not even think of it, but upon another.

He had already achieved the triumph he had desired, and his whole bearing had a most elated expression.

There is, as all are aware, no accounting for tastes. To the majority of men, the flavor of danger, when it is tasted in cold blood, is decidedly nauseous. Antoine Mondelet, it was evident, was not of that number. To him it was actually a tonic.

"I have done what I came for," he soliloquized complacently, though not chuckling over it in the slightest; "and I see no reason why I should go on spying upon this poor old enthusiast, especially as that has been the one part of the work that was revolting to me from the first.

"For the few days it is likely of little moment where I have my local habitation, since I am only waiting for the return of this trusted emissary of Lawless from the West; but there is no saying what I may be tempted to do if I remain here.

"The almost constant sight of that scoundrel, and the knowledge of what he has done and what he contemplates doing, nay——"

The hitherto impassive-looking enemy of Larkin Lawless became strangely excited, and was unable to finish the utterance of the fear that was in his mind.

He fairly trembled with nervous excitement.

"Yes, it is best that I should pull up stakes at once," he concluded.

In spite of that decision, however, Mondelet made no move in that direction, but continued to remain, had it not been for something occurring the following morning.

This was an accidental encounter with Polinski, in the corridor, not far from their apartments.

The two men had never exchanged salutations, nor did they on this occasion. The Frenchman was, in truth, a trifle taken aback by the sudden meeting, as he would have preferred to avoid; and the Pole, though he affected to, was startled, not to say alarmed.

He thought it over when he was again in his room, and recapitulated mentally all that he remembered of the man with the Blanke.

"He kept almost entirely to himself.

He was

Where He Made His Start.

A squire in a certain town had just finished marrying a young couple, and proceeded in a paternal way to give them good, solid advice. Turning to the bridegroom, he said:

"Never spend your money extravagantly, and be saving in every way possible."

The bridegroom listened, respectfully, and then remarked:

"Well, Judge, we might as well begin on you," and he proceeded to give the squire fifty cents for tying the knot.

Nothing Serious.

"Well, madam," queried the doctor, "how are you feeling today?"

"Oh, doctor," she replied, "I have such terrible pains all through my body, and I can hardly breathe; I have no appetite and cannot sleep a wink."

"But otherwise," said the M. D., "you feel all right, don't you?"

When She Scored Him.

The good woman had just returned from church and found her husband dozing in the hammock.

"John," she said, "you should have heard the new minister this morning. He has a splendid delivery."

"So?" queried the drowsy John. "How many did he strike out during the game?"

Rum Going Up.

Customer—I don't see why rum should be so high.

Dealer—It's on account of the war between Russia and Japan.

"Hum! Don't see how that can be."

"Japan, after she has walloped Russia, intends to civilize the benighted Chinese Empire, you know, and that will vastly increase the demand for rum."

It Wouldn't Matter.

Little Boy—Sister says she's never going to marry any one that's in trade. She says she's goin' to marry a professional man.

Old Lady—Well, it won't matter. The little dear never did have much appetite, anyway.

Easy to Rhyme.

Friend—Are you for Roosevelt or Parker?

Poet—Parker.

Friend—Why not Roosevelt?

Poet—Oh, Parker helps my business during the campaign. There are more rhymes than for Roosevelt.

A Wonderful Gift.

Fortune Teller—You may, in time, make a good income, but you will never be rich.

Young Man—Eh? Why not?

"You are not saving. You are wasteful."

"My! my! I'm afraid that is true. You have a wonderful gift. How did you know I was wasteful?"

"You have just wasted a dollar getting your fortune told."

Very Plausible.

Magistrate (severely)—You are charged with kissing this young lady against her will, and on the public highway.

Prisoner—She was in a bicycle costume, and I mistook her for my long-lost brother.

Magistrate (briskly)—Discharged! Call th' next case.

A Little Too Regular.

St. Peter—I hardly know whether to let you go in or not.

Mrs. Veragood—You don't? I never missed a church service, no matter what the weather.

St. Peter—Yes, and your husband worked himself to death paying doctor's bills. Wait, and I'll see if he wants you.

At the African Bethel.

Parson Johnson—De choir will now sing, "I'm Glad Salvation's Free," while Deacon Ketchum passes de hat. De congregation will please to 'membah dat while salvation am free, we has to pay de choir for singing about it. All please contribute accordin' to yo' means.

What She Missed.

"After all," said Mrs. Stubb, thoughtfully, "I wonder if Eve wouldn't have rather lived in a house than in the garden?"

"Of course," assented Mr. Stubb, distributing his cigar ashes over the matting. "Not having any doors to slam must have been very awkward to Eve when she lost her temper."

Silver Service.

"Hey!" shouted the rich man, peering cautiously over the stairway, "I want you."

"Well," chuckled the burglar, rysching for the silver, "I am at your service, sir."

The Rascally Coal Dealer.

Wigg—I am satisfied that retribution will some day overtake the coal man.

Wagg—Yes, his scales are now lying in weight for him.

BECOMES CONVINCING.

First Fair One—Do you believe everything you hear?
Second Fair One—Not until I have repeated it a few times.

NOTICE! EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER CUT THIS OUT

Do You Want an Income
OF FROM $100 TO $1,000 A YEAR.

AS LONG AS YOU LIVE? If so, return this coupon promptly. You take absolutely no risk of any kind. I am a responsible party and am not thoroughly convinced that this is one of the GREATEST OPPORTUNITIES of your life to secure a steady, permanent income as long as you live, you are under no obligation to make any payments whatever. So don't delay, but send coupon at once.

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NOTE—Write name plainly so that no mistake will be made in filling out certificate.

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Please reserve.....Shares for me, send me certificate, booklet, reports and all information, fully explained, that I may be able to form a conception of the soundest character and will prove ENORMOUSLY profitable, I will pay for same at the rate of $1.00 per share per month until fully paid.

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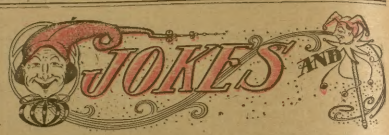
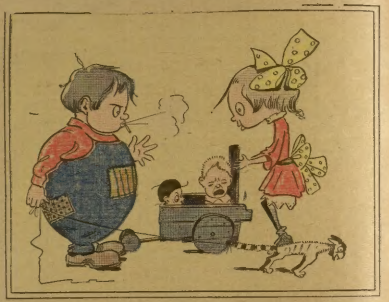


SENSITIVE ABOUT HIS SIZE.



Gladys—Benny, Ise t'ink you am de swellest kid on de street.
Benny—Stop yer knockin'.

BUILDING FOOD

To Bring the Babies Around.

When a little human machine (or a large one) goes wrong, nothing is so important as the selection of food which will always bring it around again.

"My little baby boy fifteen months old had pneumonia, then came brain fever, and no sooner had he got over these than he began to cut teeth and, being so weak, he was frequently thrown into convulsions," says a Colorado mother.

"I decided a change might help, so took him to Kansas City for a visit. When he got there he was so very weak when he would cry he would sink away and seemed like he would die.

"When I reached my sister's home she said immediately that we must feed him Grape-Nuts, and, although I had never used the food, we got some and for a few days gave him just the juice of Grape-Nuts and Milk. He got stronger so quickly we were soon feeding him the Grape-Nuts itself and in a wonderfully short time he fattened right up and became strong and well.

"That showed me something worth knowing and, when later on my little girl came, I raised her on Grape-Nuts and she is a strong healthy baby and has been. You will see from the little photograph I send you what a strong, chubby youngster the boy is now, but he didn't look anything like that before we found this nourishing food. Grape-Nuts nourished him back to strength when he was so weak he couldn't keep any other food on his stomach." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

All children can be built to a more sturdy and healthy condition upon Grape-Nuts and cream. The food contains the elements nature demands, from which to make the soft gray filling in the nerve centers and brain. A well-fed brain and strong, steady nerves absolutely insure a healthy body.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Stern Parent.

"Yes," said Harker, "it's leap year. Did Estelle propose to you?"

"No," sighed young Larker.

"But I heard you say: 'This is so sudden.'"

"Yes, that was when her father made his appearance with a club."

Familiar Phrase.

"Doing two things at once."

Qualified.

Japanese Recruiting Officer—So you want to enlist, eh? Ever been in any battles?
Applicant—Well, I've been married ten years.

Girls may not convert young men, but they at least draw them to church.

Redhorse Dan—Kin ye handle a gun, stranger?
Percy Boulevarder—I don't have to. I own an auto.

A Decided Success.

Dora—What is that D. R. A. that you belong to?

Clara—The Dancing Reform Association—gentlemen dance with gentlemen, and ladies with ladies.

"Is that idea a success?"

"Yes, indeed. At our last dance no one danced at all. We just promenaded about the conservatories."

"Do you call that a success?"

"Do I? Look at this ring."

The Opera Journalized.

Night Editor—What's this?

Musical Critic—It's my criticism of the opera; very important; first production in this country——

Night Editor (wearily)—Yes, I know. The whole local staff was there. We have three columns of names of occupants of the boxes, and five columns descriptions of dresses. Think I want to fill the whole paper with it? Cut that stuff of yours down to two sticks.

Parting Shot.

"If any one steals my clothes," said the corpulent citizen, as he started for the beach, "I'll have to come home in a Barrel."

"Well, I won't mind that," called his wife, "but see that you don't come home with a barrel in you."

Eminently Satisfactory.

Medical Examiner—Suppose you should have a patient with some disease which you knew nothing about. What would you do?

Student—Charge him five dollars for the examination, and then send him to you.

Kind Men Avoid.

Gunner—Yes, first she called herself Mary, then May, and now it's Mae. She's always changing her first name.

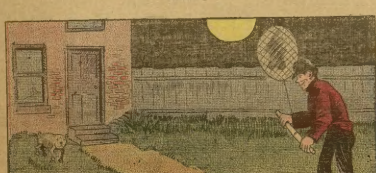
Guyer—Well, such a silly girl will never have the chance to change her last name.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

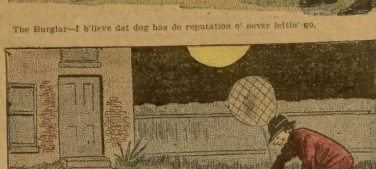
Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the fact and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

EASY.



The Burglar—I b'lieve dat dog has de reputation o' never lettin' go.



"Well, grab hold, doggie.

"An' now, while he's takin' a b'loon ride an' all's quiet I'll just go to work."

Successful Effort.

The head of the matrimonial combine glanced at a bill from his wife's dressmaker.

"When I proposed to you less than two years ago," he said, "I was rather wild, and you said you considered it your duty to marry me for the purpose of making something out of me, did you not?"

"Yes, John," answered the wife.

"Well," he continued, "your efforts have not been in vain. You have succeeded."

"I'm so glad," she said. "What have I made of you, dear?"

Once more he glanced at the bill.

"A pauper," he replied, with a deep sigh.

Kept His Word.

McScorter (on bicycle)—Toot all you want. I don't turn out for any automobile.

(In the air.) "Well, I may turn over a few times, but you bet I won't turn out!"

A Cultivated Convict.

Prison Missionary—My friend, are you not repentant for your past misdeeds?

Convict—Repent nawthin'! You better go back to school an' finish yr' education.

"My friend, I am thoroughly familiar with the Bible."

"Aw, come off! Just you study up th' science o' sociology, an' you'll find I am simply a product of environment—that's the sort of a hairpin I am."

Learning Golf.

First Young Lady (learning golf)—Dear me! What shall I do now? This ball is in a hole.

Second Young Lady (looking over book of instructions)—Let me see. I presume you will have to take a stick of the right shape to get it out.

First Young Lady—Oh, yes, of course. See if you can find one shaped like a dust-pan and brush.

A Domestic Chef.

Mrs. De Style (after giving her order for dinner)—Can you remember all that?

New Girl—Sure, it's a French chef yez think O! am.

It is our ordinary company dinner. Guests are expected, you know."

"Well, mum, O'll just make yes an Oirish stew, an' thin yez can sort the things out to suit yr'selves, an' call thim as many nose-crackin' French names as yez loike."

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AGENTS WANTED 'MEND-A-RIP' Sells at Sight of Light and Heavy Weights. Sews on Like Button. Mends Instantly. Every Housekeeper Buys. Big Profits. Write for Terms. B. W. Foote Foundry Co., Fredericktown, O.

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TAKING IT COOLLY.

Some of many instances of extraordinary coolness in the midst of danger and others wise that have been recorded, are here offered to our readers, together with some amusing sayings and doings:

Toward the close of the battle of Inkermann, in southern Russia, Lord Raglan, returning from taking leave of General Strangways, met a sergeant carrying water to the wounded. The sergeant drew himself up to salute, when a round shot came bounding over the hill and knocked his forage cap out of his hand. The man picked it up, dusted it on his knee, placed it carefully on his head, and made the salute, not a muscle of his countenance moving the while.

"A neat thing, that, my man," said Lord Raglan.

"Yes, my lord," returned the sergeant, with another salute; "but a miss is as good as a mile."

The commander was probably not surprised by such an exhibition of sang-froid, being himself good humored.

Lord Fitzroy Somerset was badly hurt at Waterloo, and suffered the amputation of an arm. The Prince of Orange, who was in the hospital, says of Somerset's nerve:

"I was not conscious of the presence of Lord Fitzroy Somerset until I heard him call out in his ordinary tone, 'Hello! don't carry that arm away until I have taken off my ring.' Neither your operation had extorted a groan from his lips."

But there are plenty of people capable of behavior like Sparrow where the trouble does not touch their individuality.

"Ain I gre at deal o' this?" asked an Englishman, up to his armpits in a Scotch bog, of a passer-by.

"I dinna think ye can get oot of it," was the response of the Highlander, as he went on his way.

While General Thomas was inspecting the fortifications of Chattanooga with General Garfield, they heard some one shout:

"Hello, Mister! You! I want to speak to you!

General Thomas, turning, found that he was the only "Mister" so hailed by the 18th East Tennessean soldier.

"Well, my man," said he, "what do you want with me?"

"I want to get a furlough, Mister, that's what I want," was the reply.

"Why do you want a furlough, my man?" inquired the General.

"Waal, I want to go home and see my wife."

"How long is it since you saw her?"

"Ever since I enlisted; nigh onto three months."

"Three months!" exclaimed the commander. "Why, my good fellow, that is not the man he took him for, and became at once absorbed in the play, leaving his friend with the cane to settle matters with the gentleman in front, which, as he had no excuse handy, was not done without considerable trouble. When the hubbub was over, the action said:

"Didn't you tell me to tap that man with my cane?"

"Yes."

"And what did you want?"

"Oh," said Phoenix, with imperturbable gravity, "I wanted to see whether you would ask him or not."

At the burning of a provision store the crowd helped themselves freely. One man grasped a huge cheese as his share of the plunder. Rising up with it, he found himself face to face with a policeman, and with admirable presence of mind put the plunder into the officer's arms, saying:

"You had better take care of that, police-man, or some one else will be walking off with it."

Rugby ready to relinquish his foot when there was no help for it was a Chicago negro, caught by a poultry fancier in the act of carrying off some of his fine stock, and challenged with:

"What you doing with my chickens?"

"I was gwine fer ter fetch 'em back, boss," answered he. "You's a nigger now, here what's bin disputin' 'bout de ownership o' dem chickens. I said dey was Coachin fowls, an' he said dey was Shanghai pullets; an' I was jes' takin' 'em roun' fer ter 'skuvver my nolidge. Dey don't lay no eggs, does dey, boss? Ef dey does, I'm mighty ashamed of hustlin' 'em roun', Algy is sca'ce."

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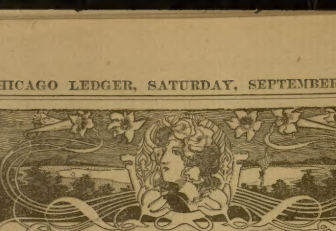

QUEEN OF THE LOVE-RED ROSE;

OR,

MIGNON'S TRAGIC CAREER.

By Constance Beatrice Willard.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 34, Aug. 20. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

"With the river's roar of passion.
Hearts break and make no moan.'

Freeman Lucian Chatterton's offices covered greater space now than in the days when Mignon was the only stenographer. His practice had so increased that he had all the routine work done by several excellent attorneys in his employ, and there was a good force of clerks and stenographers, all young men. The head of this large establishment only occupy himself with the important parts of a case, and almost entirely refused himself to clients until the matter upon which they came had been thoroughly thrashed out by one or other of the subordinate lawyers.

On the day following the one when Mrs. Chatterton had learned of Gordon's secret, that lady presented herself in the outside office from which Mignon had an interview private offices, and insisted upon seeing Mr. Chatterton.

"I will call Mr. Leighton," the boy replied, but to that gentleman, himself a keen observer, he said only that she desired to see Mr. Chatterton himself; that she had been told of his presence in the office, and that her card be taken in to him.

After some hesitation Mr. Leighton complied with her request, and, somewhat to his surprise, it was granted, and a moment later Mrs. Thompson was in the office of Mr. Chatterton himself.

The two years had changed him somewhat. In his black hair a number of silver threads were apparent, and there were a few new lines about his mouth which his mustache could not hide.

Mr. Chatterton rose and bowed, saying courteously:

"Mrs. Thompson, to what am I indebted for this honor?"

"Not much, you think," that lady said with a sharp, nervous laugh. "I have no intention of renewing my divorce proceedings—that is settled. I have come now to ask you about a stenographer you used to employ."

Ah! keen as are your eyes, Daphne Thompson, you have failed to see a man whose face is thoroughly trained not to express surprise of any kind, in response to her speech. Mr. Chatterton looked at her carelessly and said, inquiringly:

"Yes, and which one? I have had a number."

"A girl whom I saw in here about two years ago—I believe you called her Mignon."

"Indeed, yes, I do remember her—Mignon —Mignon —"

"McKinzie" assisted the lady.

"Yes, Mignon McKinzie. Yes, she was here during August, September and October of 1898, I think," consulting a notebook.

"Then," inquired the lady, "you have had a number since?"

"Oh, yes; I employ a stenographer by the week. Miss Mignon was the only one I ever had who could write shorthand."

"Where is she now? I started my present system of having only men in my employ."

"Do you know," said Mr. Chatterton, "her friends are very uneasy regarding her. She left me in June, and I am very sorry, but she did not tell me where she intended going. I am sorry if there is any doubt regarding her welfare, for she was a very nice, capable girl."

"Then you did discharge her?"

"Why, dear no! What put such an idea into your head? She would have gladly kept her, she was so faithful and capable."

Was there ever anything about her which would lead you to think her in trouble, or that she had any secret?"

In spite of what the lady had thus flushed, but he answered with sufficient warmth to excuse it.

"No, indeed. I am astonished that such a thing could be thought of as modest and ladylike a girl as she. No, indeed, we learn of much that is evil in this world, but I feel certain that she would have given up her life rather than transgress in any particular."

Mrs. Thompson bowed gravely, and, thanking him, left the office, but there was a triumphant expression on her face as she entered the elevator.

"Ah, Mr. Chatterton," she smiled to herself, "it is funny you have such a poor opinion of honesty and honor of a girl whose last name you could not remember. Oh, if I can find out anything against that girl, perhaps I may win my darling!"

That evening as he hastily made his way toward the only place on earth he called home, Freeman Chatterton was followed by an expert detective, and when a few days later he, accompanied by a very beautiful lady, called for Farego, another detective took passage on the same vessel and tried to become intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Freeman, but in vain.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Love of a woman is divine:
Of a man 'tis a base passion."

It was a lovely day in November, such as come to Chicago as to no other part of the world at that season. A day when a sweet, dreamy haze melted earth and sky into one shade, when the winter seem far off indeed. In spite of several frosts, asters and other hardy fall flowers were blooming gaily, while the broad verandas of a certain house in a secluded suburb of Chicago was filled with magnificent chrysanthemums from the florist. Its mistress, a lovely lady, girlish in appearance, was busy about arranging her flowers, touching them with gentle fingers, for she loved them all, and was delighted to find some waiting to welcome her after her long voyage abroad, for this is Mrs. Lucian Freeman, who has returned with upon her wedding night eighteen months before.

Her face seen in the bright sunlight is but little changed. The lovely girl has blossomed into the matured, beautiful woman, whose every movement is filled with grace, and whose voice as she gives directions to her gardener shows the effect of careful training. In spite of the improvement in her appearance, there is something lacking in the sweet face, and yet it would be difficult to explain just what that something is. Perhaps it lingers in the depths of the dark eyes; it may be the absence of the gay, girlish laughter, or it is, more likely, that there is the crumpled rose leaf in her heart, which the most superhuman tenderness which is lavished upon her.

Mignon felt more and more as the days went by that she did not understand her husband. On the morning following their hasty marriage he had come to her with a face strangely white and asked her if she would kindly remain in Milwaukee for a few days until he could arrange for her a residence which had just become unoccupied. One strange condition had he made, that she was not to read any of the papers.

"My darling is so pure," he had whispered with a shudder in his eyes, "that I cannot bear to have her contaminated with the filth of the newspapers," and it had been no trial to her, for she had never cared for them, and in these early days of her happiness she loved to sit and dream of her wondrous good fortune. He had received many congratulations, but had written and telegraphed each day, and when he returned he had explained that he was so dear a friend. They had taken a delightful trip through the South, when he had brought her to her home, and since then they had been happy ever since, with the exception of their trip to Europe.

Every luxury was here; her husband had given her carte blanche on clothing upon her until she had begged him to desist, for his tastes were very simple. One thing, however, he had insisted upon, and that was to cultivate her voice, which had developed wonderfully, and many happy hours had she spent over her grand piano, singing and playing, and forgetting that "something" which would overshadow her happiness.

Even this shadow arose she could scarcely have told, but she knew that her husband was not entirely happy. More than once she had been awakened by his muttering in his sleep, and she knew always the same:

"A lifetime of devotion to make up for it in Heaven!"

Again and again would he catch her in his arms, and with wild vehemence, if she loved him, and repeat again and again that she was his own for ever.

She had wished from the very beginning that she might bear his full name, and he had known that she had been deeply grieved to her that he had wished to train her servants to address her as Mignon, but for a very serious one, why she must be presented to the world as his wife, and assume the name which was hers by rights. She had only learned it that very morning, although she had long suspected the secret. Her sweet mouth wreathed itself in smiles, and the gentle voice held a few charms as she thought of the delightful surprise she had for him, when her attention was attracted by a carriage stopping in front of her gate, and she went down to it, bareheaded as she was. The occupant of the carriage, which was one hired at the suburban depot, gazed in wonderment at the charming beauty of the young face, and then asked:

"Pardon me, are you Mrs. Freeman?"

"Yes. Did you wish to see me?" Mignon replied with dignity, mingled with gracious courtesy.

"If so, if you will allow me to come in."

"Please do," was the simple answer, and, dismissing her carriage, the visitor, whose marvelous golden hair and black eyes the hostess noticed, entered the house into which she had come to bring misery and blackest shame.

"Sit down here; I think you will find this chair comfortable," Mignon said, smilingly, rolling forward a great, leather chair, and smiling graciously at the strange, veiled lady, for lady she knew she was.

"You do not know me, then?" asked the visitor, after a brief pause.

"No, but I am sure I will be glad to when you introduce yourself."

"My only excuse for coming is that I knew Freeman Chatterton," the lady said slowly.

All the bright color rushed into the young face, but Mignon said nothing.

"He has been my attorney for years," the lady continued. "Let me introduce myself," handing Mignon a piece of cardboard, on which was engraved the name:

"Mrs. Barton Thompson."

"Daphne Thompson!" Where have I heard that name?" Mignon thought to herself; then a memory dashed over her of that fateful day in October, when red rose day—when she had been copying this lady's petition for a divorce, and her face flamed once more.

"Forgive me for coming here, but I saw you on the day while I was at Mr. Chatteron's office, and I could not forget your innocent looking face. How white you are! Is there something. I know a young man, Gordon Wainwright—one of Freeman Chatterton's son's lips trembled, but Mignon did not notice, for she gave a glad little cry:

"Dear old Gordon, how I should like to see him!"

Mrs. Thompson continued: "He told me a very sad story about a girl he had once known and loved, and Mignon's face, and showed me a picture of her. I recognized both picture and name. He said she had come to the city and been lured into a great wickedness here, and that he longed to find her and help her, but that Freeman had cast her off for disgracing them."

The lady was very pale now, but she held her head steadily as she replied:

"I know something of this, but the accusations were unjust."

"So I hoped, and the next day I went to Mr. Chatterton's office, but the girl had forgotten that such a person existed, and said that probably you had gone the way of most girls who came to the city."

"Oh, that cannot be true—it cannot!" Mignon cried, springing to her feet. "I am my wife."

The woman who had come to torture looked almost pityingly at the lovely face, but only wondered deeper in her self-hardened:

"My child, that cannot be, for he is already married!"

"That day Daphne Thompson will never forget the terrified expression on the sweet face before her, from which had vanished every garden hued, leaving it white as death.

Suddenly a thought came into her head, and, leaning over the stricken girl, she asked gently:

"When did he make you think you were his wife?"

Mignon raised her head, for she had fallen across a couch in her agony. There was a dazed expression in her eyes, and she scarcely comprehended the question.

Mrs. Thompson repeated it.

"When will that be?" she asked.

In her confusion, Mignon even then failed to comprehend, and in some way during the day when he had told her he loved her and built upon which he had gone through a marriage ceremony, and she replied faintly:

"In October."

"What October?"

"That same year."

"When I saw you?"

"Yes, yes, a few days afterward, I think. Oh! you must go now, I am ill."

"The scoundrel!" Mrs. Thompson cried, actually shaking. Then she paused, and, to ask questions until she had learned of the marriage, although in her mental state she was unconscious of the fact, and utterly forgot the intervening period.

"The handsome scoundrel!" she said softly and gently:

"My poor child, that man has utterly deceived you. He was married to one of the schoolmates, several weeks after my marriage. His wife is now in the north or two before the time I saw you. I was told that he had gone to Europe to be done? Possibly you will feel that you can forgive him, perhaps you should not be blamed if you do after all, for there are thousands of you unrecognized wives in the world—women who are better wives to the men they love than those who bear the title, but I hope you will. You have always was a sickly, disagreeable thing. She had it was through her that he obtained the foundation of his fortune.

"You have lived happily enough in your ignorance, but the time has come to tear your secret, if the servants in this house knew what you are, what scorn would be yours!"

"Oh, no! no!" sobbed the poor girl.

"In kindness I must speak. I know you ask me to leave you, to let him, and that in a cottage you would be just as happy; for the joy of a few secret meetings, for the sake of his passing love, you are willing to go your way through the world alone, unrecognized, unprotected, childless."

Mignon gave a start. "Truly that is real love from one standpoint, but it is not from mine. Have you any right, I ask you, Mignon McKinzie, to drag down the man you love? Can you think for an instant he loves you as a man should when he respects a woman? How can you expect to meet your mother in Heaven if you continue to live in shameless sin with this man as his mistress?" and she paused out of breath, while through the room rang the low, wailing cry of the other:

"Stop, stop! Do not fay me alive!"

"Out of pure kindness of heart and friendliness for you, my child, I tell you your real position. You are not Mrs. Chatterton; you are not Mrs. Freeman, but simply Mignon McKinsie, a woman without a reputation, whose purity and innocence have been stolen from her by the man whose mistress she has been and is now."

"But will never be again," Mignon cried, rising and standing before the elder woman.

"Innocently I have sinned. I shall do so no longer. I thank you from the bottom of my heart that you have opened my eyes, but I must ask you to go."

"You will have him?"

"I must ask you to ask a question!" was the indignant answer. "Do you suppose for a moment that I could stay? Do you think that a spark of love could remain for one who let his love—his passion—for me degrade and debase me?"

"Why, you poor child!" Mrs. Thompson quavered. What if she should hunt up Gordon!

"That is my own concern. Where none of you who have known me will ever see me again. Please go now, please go!" and she stood, magnificent in her injured dignity, with one hand outstretched.

When Freeman Chatterton entered his home that night he was not greeted by the smiling face and gentle voice, and as he mounted to the upper story he felt a sense of dread in his heart. There was only a scrap of paper awaiting him; he knew what it would be before he picked it up with trembling shaking hands. The blow he had been dreading all long had fallen. In her beautiful writing he read:

"I told you once were I debased I would kill myself. I have found out the truth, and leave you forever. Nothing would make me stay now. I utter reproaches. I only leave your own conscience to upbraid you."

CHAPTER XV.

"Love, betrayed, droops like a broken flower."

The nurse's story as taken from her diary for May.

"Nov. 8.—Had a good day of rest after finishing case with Mrs. Hibbins. Hope she will be right quick about check. Nothing on hand for the next two weeks.

"Nov. 6.—Just finished the above, when I was rung up, and Tom Groton asked me if I would come around to their house if I went. Never like to refuse him and his mother anything, for they are so good to me in the spring. When I got there Tom told me he had found a woman lying at their doorstep, half covered with snow. Strange to have snow this season of the year. Just too sleepy to write any more.

"Nov. 7.—About that new patient of mine —for I will not be her, as Tom says he will pay me. I think he knows her. I wonder—no, I guess not, she's too far above him, and she is wearing a magnificent diamond and a wedding ring. It's going to be a bad case. Complications. (Here follow several technical terms.) She makes me feel horrible, anyway. These she has perfectly motionless. Except for those eyes of hers she might just as well be dead. They are always open, though, and in them is something awful. I'm used to a good deal, but this beats all. Dear, I'm sleepy again.

"Nov. 8.—We had a hard time with her, poor thing! Doctor says she must have had some awful shock. If there hadn't have been the brain fever symptoms we should have sent her to the baby. Still, I suppose it's better.

Nov. 10.—Been so busy I couldn't write in my diary. Today she asked about the baby, and I spoke right out. I think it's best to tell the truth, and it saves trouble in the end. I expected a great screeching and fuss, but she only lay there looking at nothing with those eyes of hers, and half whispered it is better so, poor, poor little thing." I told her that we might have saved it if she had been further along, or if she had not sat up, but she didn't seem to listen.

"Nov. 15.—Patient sitting up all day, but says nothing, only when I told her that she must be rousing herself she said dreadfully, 'Why did you let me live?' but not a tear. Was in her eyes, and that's unnatural. Usually they squawk all the time. Have to discharge case, though, or me twenty dollars, and said he would pay the rest later on. He hasn't paid me here, and won't let her know where she is. He made me call his mother Mrs. Brown, Strange, I think.

"Nov. 23.—Something awfully strange has happened. Today while I was out on my walk, that longer time in getting the time for it, as my patient thought I ought not to leave her alone, but will until her sister came in, but I went just the same. These women are so mean. Well, I walked around the square, and she was all mixed by up. I guess I'm drinking too much beer, I get so sleepy.

"Nov. 21.—That other patient of mine has cleared out—just walked off, leaving a note and her diamond behind. I got Mrs. Groton to let me read the note and I recognized the writing, and I can't understand things at all. From the note I guess she was in trouble. It might all right, and that wedding didn't had no dates or initials, only 'To My Love-Red Rose Queen.' Now wouldn't that be you! I enclose a copy that note tonight, but I will tomorrow.

"Nov. 22.—I'm going to take a vacation, for my share of the ring puts me on Easy street for a while. This is the note—

Kind and Generous Friends: Into your kind hearts you have taken one who has been friendless of man and God. As she came into your lives, let her pass out, unknown and unmissed. If you do remember her, remember that whose there may be no excuse for carelessness, throw it for her sake. I leave only my two rings in this world, but where I am going I will need neither. Keep the plain gold one my dear Mrs. Brown, in remembrance of the good you have done for one of the sorrowful of earth. The diamond I would ask that you sell and divide between yourself, the physician and nurse. Good-by. This day ends what has been a stormy, miserable and hopeless career. God bless you, my good, kind friends, if such as I can ask His blessing."

In the Ledger issue of next week another installment of this extremely captivating story will be offered our readers. We wish to again call attention to our advertisements on pages thirteen and fifteen, offering cameras and patterns gratis to all subscribers.

A Man of Mystery.

(Continued from page seven.)

treasurer for the alleged purchase of arms. Toward this fall, and such could be the result only through his treachery being discovered—a catastrophe which he deemed next to impossible—he must expect to vanish. Defrauded

Disgusted was expected to [illegible] [illegible] by [illegible] Vladimir, their mutual victim would be ready to sail. Accompanying them, and seeing their captive in the hands of those who were bargaining for him, he could feel assured of his share in the spoils. It was a vile blood [illegible] Conspirings might threaten, and he felt no measure of compunction in his own wisdom; but, notwithstanding that, there was much to make Larkin Lawless feel [illegible]

The Russian could not help seeing that [illegible] [illegible] some [illegible] native in Lark's [illegible] some strong reason for thus coming [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] him away from the work to which he was solemnly pledged—not that he believed [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] would have [illegible] with such a conscienceless scamp as he had found him to be—but which, like every employment of a kindred nature, must be a paying one.

Well with that, Vladimir Vladskoff had nothing to do, and like a wise man he said nothing.

So it was settled, and a few days would see the trio on their way to the stage of what Paul Polinski wildly dreamed was to be the scene of the greatest drama in history.

"Cleverly caught," was Larkin's verdict as the pair came away, leaving the old man to muse upon the fulfillment of prophecy.

"Cleverly caught indeed," he said to Vladskoff. "You see I knew Polinski."

"Yes, and I see also that you know Serge Brunoff."

The Russian laughed.

"If it my business to know such people," he said. He might have added:

"And to keep out of their way."

But he did not.

Either for effect, or because the shadow of coming events lingered with Lark Lawless, he returned once more to the possible winding up of the affair of which the Nihilist was concerned.

"But the old madman's fate, you know is it likely that it will be death or Siberia?"

"That is not my business."

The extraordinary story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Our cameras and patterns offer on pages thirteen and fifteen. Subscribers as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

The Vanished Clew.

(Continued from page eleven.)

I feel sure nothing can be done."

"As I am now of age," said Willis, with that artificial gravity which at twenty-one has not crystallized into a habit, "I shall have to differ with you in this matter. I detective I intend to have. And since Kansas City has none at our disposal, I shall send to St. Louis for one. A tried, disinterested detective! Good-by, everybody; good-by, Henrietta!" he called from the room, and Henrietta ran after him.

Then Willis went to Colonel Gregory, glancing at Keeneyes. "I can't help it, Lucy, I have told Sloan all about Chase and Chase's fears and fears."

"Then you will understand," said Lucy, "why we do not care to be detective in the case. We feel that we know who killed poor father. We cannot tell Willis and poor sisters, because it would make their lives miserable, fearing all the time that this Chase would spring in wait to exterminate father's family. Gregory will not know how to live in daily fear of a sudden gunshot or dagger-thrust, and we have instructed Mr. Mahoney to appoint any suspicious character who may venture on the place. Willis cannot understand why we object to his employing a detective. But these feudists live in the mountains, and striking down the blow, mountains, perhaps for years. Nothing can be done in our case except to keep the peace, and prevent, so far as quiet a manner as possible, move away and hope to lose ourselves."

"Come to Canada," said Keeneyes, with a bow."

"Thank you," said Lucy, gravely. Henrietta would, in her place, have smiled brightly. Keeneyes turned to miss Henrietta. "But where can the woodbox be?" she added, gazing helplessly about.

"I'm sure Della is at the bottom of it," said Gregory.

"If it must, then, be a very large box," said Keeneyes.

"I beg pardon?" murmured Lucy, looking at him inquiringly.

Gregory began to laugh. "Don't you remember, Lucy, I have always told you how witty Sloan is?"

"Oh!" said Lucy, brightening. "Yes, I see. You were joking!" She smiled. "But we will have to wait till Della comes home, I suppose."

"May I stroll out and chat with your coachman?" asked Keeneyes. "I dote on old coachmen." The permission was given. He found Mahoney seated on a stool, with his back against the stable door. He was a little man, with a thin, straw-colored mustache. Several front teeth were missing, and those remaining were tobacco-stained.

"You have lived here a long time?" inquired Keeneyes after some conversation.

"About five year. But I'm goin' to leave next Monday. A feller can't git his victuals regular here. Them Windinhams don't keep nothin' about victuals. It's amazing! If they was cannels they had ought to be put right out on Subarey, that's the place for 'em. They eats any time. They puts it off long as th' kin. Besides, no cook won't fur none of 'em is all here together [illegible] supper this minute. [illegible] and Della and her governess haven't drove in from town; by the time they git home I take enough when that's here now will take a notion to drive to Subarey. Why! last week about twelve o'clock at night. Miss Lucy she wakes up [illegible] she's hungry. Up she gits and [illegible] in the kitchen and [illegible] tering—it was not long after the [illegible] was knocked on the head with the ax. Well, the others hear her, and they git up to see what's happenin' and all [illegible] big spread, fried chicken and [illegible] after that the family sit up [illegible] except of course the old [illegible] didn't never rest."

Mr. Woodinham was a serious man, I [illegible] Keeneyes.

Mr. Mahoney, screwing himself sideways to get his chewing-tobacco from his pocket, replied he'd been a marble slab he'd wish to been sot up right in the cemitry. You notice these children don't take his death like some would if they [illegible] reasonable. Everything is, if you only [illegible] it. He'd had nothin' to complain of any of 'em except when he seemed to wake [illegible] [illegible] worst row for the whole youngest than the two oldest, in my opinion. Two was him pat Miss Henrietta on the head, and give little Della a kiss, but I've [illegible] him jollying Mr. Gregory, or Miss Lucy."

"He had been married twice, hadn't he?"

"Never heard of it. If he had, though, I do think he had it in mind to," Jake chewed vigorously for a minute, then said: "I'm always too free, Mr. Sloan. I could go to chewin' terbucker because I talked too much."

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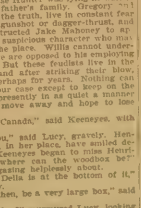

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OR

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By Will Lisenbee.

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CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Larkin took up his quarters at the hotel, having decided to remain in Rockville till something more definite could be learned regarding the case.

That evening he wrote a letter to the sheriff at Deep Gulch, giving a minute description of Mortimer Chuck, which, he hoped would assist the officer in identifying the suspect.

"We shall get the photograph before making any further moves," Mr. Larkin said.

The next morning Mr. Larkin dropped in at the store to see Mr. Mansfield, as he had not been interviewed on his former visit to Rockville.

The two had a long talk and in the afternoon they took a drive into the country.

About 3 o'clock Ora came to the hotel.

"I made a discovery," he said to Mr. Funk had been to the office of the justice of the peace, and a short time ago left in company with the constable."

"Then there's something in the wind!" Tom replied.

"Could you find out nothing?"

"No; but it looks as if some one is to be arrested. Perhaps Funk has run onto Black Karl."

"Wouldn't that be a sensation!"

"Bless, Hello! that the darky that stays with your uncle?"

Ora flung his hand toward a negro who had just ridden at a gallop and stopped at the corner of the square.

"That is Zeke sure enough!" exclaimed Tom. "I wonder what is up? Let's go down and see."

They hurried from the hotel, and as they were crossing the street they met Zeke.

"There was a look on Zeke's face that told that something had happened.

"Mister Dick am awful sick," he cried, as soon as his eyes fell on Tom. "He did I must hurry Massah Tom right away."

"All right, Zeke. I'll go at once. You will come with me, won't you, Ora?"

"To be sure! I'll run and get my horse and buggy and take you out."

"Thanks. I'll be waiting for you will. We must have a doctor."

"Yes. There is Doctor Burns now. I'll run by and tell him while you get ready. He already has his horse hitched up and he can start at once."

Ora darted away, and Tom turned to Zeke.

"What is the matter with my uncle?" he asked.

"I don' know, sah. He say he hab to die, an' he want to see Massah Tom."

"All right. I'll be there as quick as I can. You'd better hurry on back.

"Yes, sah."

Zeke climbed into the saddle and galloped away, followed closely by Dr. Burns.

In five minutes Ora drove up, and the two drove away at a rapid pace in the direction of Dark Hollow.

When they arrived at the farmhouse they found that there were others there besides the doctor and Zeke.

Standing on the porch were Peter Funk and the constable.

"I wonder what this means?" said Tom.

"Great Scott! That's what I'd like to know!" exclaimed Ora. "But there is Bud Haddock. I'll find out from him while you go in and see your uncle."

Tom hurried into the house, while Ora crossed the yard and approached Bud, who was sitting in the shade of a tree.

"What's up?" said Ora.

"A good deal," replied Bud. "I guess the matter will cause quite a sensation in town."

"What is the constable doing here?"

"That's just what I was going to tell you. I suppose you have noticed a German at the hotel for a few days?"

"Well, he's here looking for a fellow known as Black Karl."

"Is the German a detective?"

"I think not. He doesn't know enough. If it had not been for me I guess he would never have located the fellow he is after. It was like this: Funk—that is the German's name—has been living out in the mountains where Black Karl operated. Funk, it seems is worth considerable money, and was once held up by Black Karl and lost a thousand in the transaction. Ever since then Funk has been on the lookout for the outlaw. Not long ago he recognized Black Karl on a train near Kansas City, and would have had him arrested, but there was no officer available. He kept on the train with the outlaw and followed him here, but on his arrival lost track of him. Since then he has been poking about this town and vicinity looking for the road agent. Funk is an odd character, and one of the most conceited fellows I ever met. The funny part of it is that he should start out to do detective work, for it is equally funny that he should have at last—as it now appears—got the road agent arrested. It all happened in the most unexpected way. I fell in with Funk, and it was not long till we got acquainted, and he told me of his [illegible] He also showed me a picture of Black Karl, and, as luck would have it, I recognized it as the man who lives here—Dick Henderson."

"Why, surely that is a mistake!" cried Ora. "Mr. Henderson is the uncle of the young fellow who has come out here with me, and has lived here for years. It is all a stupid blunder."

"[illegible] I don't believe [illegible] for this [illegible] Funk is [illegible] [illegible] that of Henderson [illegible]"

"But how can it be? How could Mr. Henderson live here almost as a hermit and be robbing people in Colorado?"

You will remember that Mr. Henderson has not been here continually. In fact, he has been away a great deal—rather a mysterious way. Another point is that hardly anybody in the village knows him. He makes no acquaintances, and lives the life of a hermit."

"That's a fact. But did the German recognize him?"

"Yes; he says he can swear that he is the man."

"But is not Mr. Henderson lying very ill?"

"I guess that's right. He may be up to some game. In any case the doctor will know. The constable is here to arrest him, that is, if he is able to be taken away. If not, a guard will be left over the place till he recovers."

"Well, all this is very strange," commented Ora. "This will be a sad surprise to Tom."

"I'm not the young fellow that came out with you?"

"Yes. He's here on a visit to his uncle Great Scott! It is terrible to have one's relative taken out to be sent to prison."

"It is pretty tough, but it's a great deal tougher on the old man if he is innocent."

"Did the officer say anything to Henderson about the business?"

"Not a word. The constable and Funk went in, but they saw that the man was sick and the constable said nothing about what their business was."

"Is Mr. Henderson conscious?"

"I don't know. I didn't go in. I merely came along to give assistance in case the fellow showed fight."

"Did Henderson say anything to Funk or the constable?"

"Not that I know of."

"Was Zeke, the darkey, here when you came?"

"Yes, but he was sent after the doctor. But, as far as I learned, Henderson didn't seem to want a doctor. He wanted his nephew to be sent to him at once."

"Well, it is all a very queer piece of business."

CHAPTER XXI

When Tom Dayton entered his uncle's room the doctor was standing by the bed bending over the sick man.

Tom did not approach, but stood by the door, waiting for the doctor to get through.

An oppressive silence brooded over the place, broken only by the low voices of the constable and Funk without and the faint murmur of the wind.

Presently the doctor turned and came softly to Tom's side.

"I have just given him something that will quiet his nerves," he said. "Has Mr. Henderson any relatives?"

"Only myself: I am his nephew," replied Tom.

The doctor made a signal and led the way out into the hall.

"Your case is in a very critical condition," he said. "It is very doubtful if he can recover. He has a severe rheumatism, which has resulted in heart disease, and he may go at any moment. He must be kept very quiet. He wants to see you, but I have told him he will wait till the medicine I have given him has had time to take effect."

Tom listened to the doctor's words in a sort of dumb way.

"He is conscious, then?" he asked.

"Yes, perfectly so. He will go in and remain with him for a time and I'll call you when I think you should go in."

"I shall be very glad to have you stay as long as you can," Tom said. "Do you know of any nurses? I'm sure that I can not to stay with me?"

"We have no trained nurses in Rockville, but I can send you a young man who has been reading medicine with me off and on for a year or two. He is an excellent fellow."

"I should be glad, indeed, to have him."

"Then I'll send him out as soon as I return."

The doctor re-entered the sick-room and Tom walked out onto the porch. As his eyes fell on the constable and the constable, he had a vague sense of impending calamity. What were they doing here? Did their visit concern his uncle?

These questions filled him with a sense of uneasiness. He was about to ask the officer or the German what their business was there when he saw Ora approaching.

"What are these men doing here?" he asked.

"I think it is all a stupid blunder," replied Ora, "although I have no love for Bud Haddock. They seem to imagine that your uncle is some person wanted in Colorado. I hope they will learn their mistake."

Ora thought it best not to tell Tom all Bud had said. The whole business might be a stupid mistake, and under the circumstances it would be better that Tom did not know.

"How is your uncle?" Ora asked, desiring to turn the conversation.

He is very sick, indeed, the doctor tells me, and only a few hours to live."

"That is sad. And you have no one here but yourself to care for him?"

"No; but Dr. Burns is going to send a man, an experienced young fellow—as soon as he returns."

"Oh, that is Frank Marks. I know him well. I'll go for him at once, if you may so, and bring him out. I'll stay myself, too."

"You are awful good, Ora," Tom said. "I shall never forget your kindness."

"Oh, don't mention it," said Ora. "I'll hurry and be back here in a jiffy."

He hurried to the front gate where his horse was hitched, while Tom walked back across the porch.

Just then the doctor came out and talked a moment with the constable. Then the officer called the German and the two left the place, accompanied by Bud Haddock.

The doctor approached Tom.

"You can go in now and see your uncle," he said. "I'm going to wait here a while."

Tom entered the room, and as he approached the bed where his uncle lay he was amazed at the changed look on the man's face.

He motioned for Tom to take a seat by the bed.

"I cannot last long," he said, in a weak voice, "but before I go I have much to tell you. My coat is hanging there at the head of the bed. You will find a paper in the inside pocket. Take it out now and place it in your pocket. It contains my confession."

Without a word Tom got up, took down the coat and took out a sheet of legal cap paper folded and covered closely with writing.

"You need not read it now," went on the sick man, "for I have something to say to you, and I want to do it before it is too late. I am not your uncle! I am his twin brother Charles. For a long time he was known as Black Karl. I have quite a different name in the West. I was called Mortimer Chuck. I led a gang of desperate men who infested the border, I was known as Black Karl. Some years ago my brother Dick was traveling through Colorado. He resembled me so much that he was arrested and thrown into prison, charged with the crime of robberies and murders. He was found guilty of crimes, and one night myself and associates made a raid on the town where he was imprisoned, overpowered the guards and my brother at liberty. After that my brother Dick and I became bitter enemies. I supposed that his brother was an outlaw that he became a desperado, and, knowing what moment he might be arrested again for the crimes of his brother. He buried himself here and has had no one, since two years ago I came to pay him a visit. When I arrived I learned that the doctor Zeke mistook me for his master. Soon after my arrival my brother had a heart failure one night, and then it came to me that I was in his place, so I informed Zeke that the visitor was Dick, and the latter, who was my master, was ready to do my bidding. We left the house at his death bed one, but laid him away in a cellar or cavern under the house where his remains still repose.

"I knew that my brother Dick had gone ten thousand dollars worth, and as he was never able to find it. I thought it was hidden about the place, and I have searched for it, but without success. When you arrived I had a notion to see you, but then occurred to me that I might find you useful in case it should be necessary to search for the hidden money. I made up my mind to keep of my having hidden it in my sleep. I have changed my mind, and I hope that you may discover where it is hidden, for as you will be the only living relative of my brother when I am gone, you will inherit all he possessed. There is little more to tell. The paper you have in your hand contains a complete confession of all I have told you, and I have written so that in case I should die suddenly you would know the truth. I thought I might live here for quite a few years, under the name of my brother, but it is not to be. My life has been a miserable failure, but I am glad in the end I have led must be. I can see it now. Be a good man, and remember that wealth is the only life worth living."

Tom saw that his uncle's strength was failing, and he sat there holding the sick man's hand, in a sort of dumb stupor.

CHAPTER XXII.

That night Charles Henderson died. He was buried in the village cemetery, and the bones of his brother were removed from the cavern and placed at his side.

A few days later a letter came from the sheriff at Deep Gulch, stating that the mayor, M. Grove, had made complete confession and admitted that he was Mor-

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timer Gluck. He was ready to restore to Mr. Larkin all the money due him, with interest, only asking that he should not be prosecuted.

Enclosed with the sheriff's letter was one written by Gluck in which he said:

"I did not intend to be dishonest at first, and the whole plan was originated by a relative, whom it is hardly necessary to name. He planned it all out for me, and I was too weak to resist the temptation. I have not seen a contented hour since, and I am glad that I can now make restitution for the wrong I have done and free my conscience from the haunting remorse that has made my life miserable."

"I never thought Gluck was dishonest at heart," said Mr. Larkin, when he read the letter, "and I am glad to know that he will now be a wiser and better man."

A few days later a check for ten thousand dollars came from Gluck to Mr. Larkin, and when he deposited one thousand dollars in the Rockville Bank to the credit of Ora Mansfield, the amount of the reward offered for the discovery of the whereabouts of Mortimer Gluck, Rockville received the greatest sensation it had ever experienced.

It was the all-absorbing topic of conversation for many a day, and Ora was looked on as little less than a genius.

And no one was more surprised than Mr. Mansfield; and while he was not pleased to think of Ora in the role of detective, he could not help feeling proud of Ora's achievement.

"I hope it won't turn your head," he said to Ora, "and that you will devote your time to study instead of encumbering your mind with theories regarding crime and criminals."

"Oh, you need have no fear of that," replied Ora. "I am going to try to prepare myself to enter college with Tom next year, and if I do that I shan't have much time for anything else."

As there was no other relative to claim the estate of Dick Henderson, it all went to Tom Dayton. In a book in the library was found a certificate of deposit for ten thousand dollars, which amount Dick Henderson had placed in the Bank of Commerce in Kansas City. As this was the money that was supposed to have been hidden in the box at Dark Hollow, there was no necessity for further search.

Tom gave orders for having Dark Hollow repaired and the place thoroughly cleaned so as to be habitable; then he went home with Mr. Larkin to stay a month.

Peter Rockville felt the day of the death of Charles Henderson, satisfied now that death had spared all possibility of further harm from the once notorious Black Karl.

Ora has just received an invitation to visit the Larkin farm, and he and Tom are looking forward to many pleasant days together.

And so, with a bright future before them, we bid them adieu.

The End.

World's Fair Novelties.

A floral clock sixteen times larger than any other clock in the world is a feature of the St. Louis Exposition. The disk consists of a circle of flower beds 113 feet in diameter and the hands are long, green potted-ras, the largest of which moves five feet a minute, is 70 feet long and weighs 2,500 pounds. The inner surface of the dial will be of white, low-growing flowers, bordered by a thin hedge of foliage plants. Within the rim the numerals of the hours will be dark foliage plants, brown into relief by intervening white blossoms. The border of the rim will be a circle of low-growing flowers and beyond this again will be spears of foliage plants, red alternating with yellow. The rim will indicate the seconds, like each, making 2,600 in all. The minute and the hour hands are long steel troughs, in which fertilized earth has been placed to supply nourishment to the vines that will cover the metal and completely hide it from view.

Twenty-five girls were kept busy all the time the World's Fair at Chicago was in progress counting the admission tickets. They counted an average of 125,000 tickets daily. It is anticipated that the daily admission at the St. Louis Exposition will be greater than this and it is proposed to do the work of counting the tickets by machine. The device has been submitted to the admissions department. The inventor claims that four of the machines will handle all the passing crowds so fast as they are set up. Another mechanical novelty which is being experimented with by this department is a machine ticket-seller. It is said that these machines will dispose of the tickets to visitors much more rapidly than the human ticket-seller and without any possibility of error or dishonesty.

A termitarium from Jamaica, which is regarded as a great curiosity, is one of the sights of the St. Louis Fair. It is the home of a tribe of termites, or white ants. It is about four feet long and two in diameter, being shaped like an elongated double pear, round and oval at the ends, and with a narrower portion in the center, with a decided crook between the two ends. This was

"Massah Dick am awful sick!"

built around the limb of a tree and in order to get the nest the limb was cut, leaving about a foot extending from each end of the nest. The construction of the nest consists of leaves overlying each other and arranged in such order that it is likened to a bill file with bills placed in regular order.

Out of the Ordinary.

One of the most interesting links between the present and the past is a man who can remember seeing Napoleon cross the Alps. His name is Ignace Klein and he is 106 years old. His health is good and his memory is perfect, though he has led a hard life, sleeping in the open and living on bread and fruit. He may be seen every day in the streets of Cannes, selling brooms which he makes himself, and he has never begged and never come into contact with the police. Some years ago he was persuaded to enter an asylum for old men, but he could not stand the confinement.

The United States Government recently called in the few $10,000 bills in circulation, and only one is now missing. This is said to have been stolen from a bank in Denver by a man who went into the office of the president and showed him a bottle which he said contained nitroglycerin, which he threatened to drop unless he was given $10,000. The bill was handed over to him, and it was no rare a bit of money that it is supposed that he never dared to break it.

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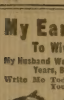

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Hearts of Black.

(Continued from page five.)

safe between the opposing bands with no better cover than a tree.

When the dancing began, Colonel Burr made his way to the side of Annabel, asking how many dances she was to honor him with.

"Oh, do you dance? How nice!" she replied. "There are so many girls here inquiring about that."

Although Colonel Burr was at this time nearly thirty-eight, yet there was always, while his mate for him, the appearance of youth in his manner, the form of his mobile face and straight, slender figure, and at the most, when thirty-eight, he was mistaken for twenty-five.

Later in the night Harry Montaire said to Annabel:

"Who is this Mr. Thorpe? He has so monopolized you tonight that I have scarcely had a word with you. Is he free to make love to any girl he meets?"

Offended, she drew her slender form to its fullest height and replied:

"He is a gentleman, at the very least. That one can say and know no more about being told. As for being free to love, his wife is dead. How long he does not say. There is a young daughter."

"Perhaps she is dead, perhaps she is not. Who knows? Pretty Thorpe is a widower, I like not the man. Something tells me that he is a deceiver. Annabel, you must not love Thorpe."

"Harry, I can give no man friendship, and I am very sure not love, who grows jealous on small cause and trusts me not," she insisted, though grieved.

"It is not you, Annabel. It is the man that I cannot trust. I believe that more ever comes you will be true to truth and your heart's purest impulses, though even that can lead you into sorrow through the faults of others."

"He is my father's guest, Harry. Remember that and treat him with courtesy," was her reply.

In the days that followed, Annabel's father as well as others formed the same good opinion as that of the girl of the man who had come among them for a brief time. While discreetness of self, he was also a valuable help in the matter of organizing their secret bands.

"I don't know what I'd have done without that fellow," said Hamilton one day to Montaire. "He knows just what I've guessed, and it is that Hamilton and Washington conceited Federalists mean to start a small rebellion and skip in with the soldiers and shoot the West right into the Union. It's simply to be a lesson to other States to look out for what they must expect. But we will set a lesson to other States. We will run them back to New York at the end of our muskets and teach them not to play with men."

"I believe this man to be other than he represents himself," broke in Montaire. "He is somewhere a friend of Aaron Burr's. Washington have I seen; Hamilton and also Jefferson, but who is this man?"

"It matters not who he is, so that he be o help to us," replied Radford.

And yet, all of the three, as Montaire feared, it did matter to the after peace of Radford's life, for under the hypnotic spell of these women's charms each held a charm to draw even wise men to his wishes. The childish face of Annabel was drawn to sweet dreams of love, such dreams as she had never known before. Still, though through it all, as was Burr's nature, love he had given in tender epithet and stronger word, yet had she been dearer more of the world, she would have missed the strengthening promise that a woman of the world's knowledge might have demanded. Without at first realizing, she had swiftly drifted away from her promise to Montaire, and now a coldness none but the sharp eye of Aunt Dorothy saw, sprang up between herself and Montaire, Santon Radford being deeply engrossed during these days in more small home happenings. The coldness was outward, but in the heart of Harry Montaire a flame of revolt fanned the despair of loss and a fierce resentment against Burr, rousing to the point of action, one day on a woodland path, Montaire stepped in front of his rival, who regarded him coolly.

"What is your meaning in regard to Annabel, sir?" Montaire demanded.

"What is that to you?" haughtily inquired Burr, "stand aside, sir."

"Not until I get an answer," and Montaire towered above the slender Colonel Burr. "It is this to me—that our engagement is not broken, her father too busy these days to look after his daughter's welfare. I take his duty, in conjunction with my own, in hand. Annabel must not trifle more of you, sir. I think that you have good enough wife known by the world to lead this young girl from a true love, and, it may be hers, a good one, for aught I know to the contrary, into the paths of infamy. I also believe you to be a spy, and that Hector Thorpe is merely an assumed name."

"Hard words, you buffoon, and lying words!" A gleam of red shot across the eyes of Burr as he spoke in his threatening manner. Montaire spurned his accusation and looked at him half derisively as he ejaculated:

"Hard words, but not lying words. It is you who are the buffoon. My life is open and clear, no playing in it. I must know more of you for her sake. Give me the name of some friend in town, or else is your town—Boston, Philadelphia, which or where?—you seem to live in them all."

A sneer curled the lips of Colonel Burr. "I refuse to answer your insulting demands. I see you clenching your fists. You fight like a country lout. I do not meet you in that vulgar way, but for once I will waive my claim as a gentleman and allow you the privilege of fighting with a gentleman, boor as you are; which shall it be, swords or pistols?"

"Swords I know nothing of," retorted Montaire, "but pistols I do, and carry mine with me, as I presume you do. It is a poor way to settle a single question—the way of fools, not wise men. For her sake I seek not to do you harm. For my part, did one ask me to state my name and motives in a case of this kind, I would, as an honest man, only be too glad to be given the chance."

"Get your pistols ready," ordered Burr, coldly.

As Montaire primed and loaded his pistol, he glanced at the man so near him, calmly examining and loading anew a brace of pistols he carried. "Do you know, Mr. Thorpe, that I am an expert with a pistol? I do not want to murder you outright. I saw some of your pistol practice the other day. It is bad, very bad. Annabel herself can do better," he remarked.

"You may not know it all," briefly answered Burr. "I seldom do anything badly, though I may at times pretend to. Choose your distance and we will load and fire until one falls or calls enough."

Without a quaver Montaire paced the ground, counting his paces aloud. "You make the distance long between. What a soldier Washington will meet in you when he comes!"

A flame of anger lighted the handsome face now gleaming straight into the cool sneering one. "I did it to give you a chance for your life, a fair one not for my own. Get ready now, and let it be to the death of either or both. It matters not to me."

A devil of hate was leaping into the brain and heart of Burr, as he stood, pistol in hand, raised his pistol, pointing it straight at Colonel Burr's head. Then with a gesture of contempt he shot into the white dress, and Annabel flung herself on the breast of Colonel Burr, and with one arm about his neck, bore him down toward herself in her faint, crying:

"I love you till you must, but your aim, never! as a miss, will kill me, not the man I love." Silence, and then a cry.

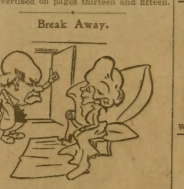
A look, unfathomable, came over Montaire's countenance. Putting his pistol slowly back to its belt, he walked slowly and coldly.

"It was his own wish that it be fought, Annabel. You know that I could have killed him, although he might also have killed me. You love him. I hear that now from your lips for the first time. You love him. The man I am about to kill is against love."

And with this, Harry Montaire turned and walked rapidly away.

The reader of this thrilling and historic story will find further chapters of it in the Ledger issue of next week. Each subscriber is entitled to the stories or patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Break Away.



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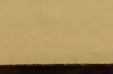

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

How Succotash Started.

An ear of corn and a pod of beans
Once met upon a farm;
They loved each other right away
And walked off arm in arm.

It seemed so very strange, indeed,
This warm love's sudden start,
All said 'twould be a pity
For the ear and the pod to part.

"I'll tell you what let's do," said corn—
The thought came like a flash—
"Let's mix your beans with all my grains
And call it succotash."

How Dominoes Started.

Some one has asked where the game of dominoes came from.

It is said to have been invented by two monks.

These monks, while in strict seclusion and under a rule of silence, decided to pass away time with some sort of game that would not render them to converse.

They took small, flat white stones, on which they marked black dots. With these they played very much as we play dominoes today—matching them.

Then whenever one of them won, instead of saying "I've won!" (which would be conversing and breaking the rule of silence) he would simply repeat aloud the first line of vespers.

When they, at last, were free to converse again they told their friends.

But the first line of vespers was shortened to "Domino!" and that word has since become the name of the game itself.

About a Horse's Eating.

Why is a horse the most curious feeder in the world? Because it eats best without a bit in its mouth.

Did His Best.

Teacher—I thought you were going to bring Johnny Badboy to school with you today?

Tommy—Well, I couldn't quite make good, but I brung part of him. This is his hair.

Snakes With Eye-Glasses.

Snakes may almost be said to have glass eyes, inasmuch as their eyes never close. They are without lids, and each is covered with a transparent scale much resembling glass. When the reptile casts its outer skin, the eye scales come off with the rest of the transparent envelope out of which the snake slips.

That these eye-scale is so tough that it effectually protects the true eye from the twigs, sharp grass and other obstructions which the snake encounters in its travels, yet it is transparent enough to allow the most perfect vision. Thus if the snake has not a glass eye, it may, at any rate, be said to wear eye-glasses.

A similarly protected or eased eye which very nearly approaches a glass eye—or, at any rate, an eye in glass—is to be found in fish. From the character of the element in which they live and the refracted light that reaches them, fish have no need of eyelids either to wash the eye or protect it from glare, and, therefore, eyelids are absent; but some of them need the protection of the transparent, horny covers cases which defend their eyes without obstructing the sight.

Stubborn Facts.

Did you ever see a man who was half so stubborn that it will fly in the face of one who tries to compel it to go into the neck of a bottle?

You can try this with any large bottle and a piece of cardboard, moistening it very loosely in its neck. Holding the bottle so that it points directly at your mouth, and placing the cork in the neck, the harder you blow on the card, the purpose of driving it into the bottle, the more forcibly will the cork rush from its place in the neck.

Try this stunt and see if you can tell what seems the peculiar action of the paper wad.

Now What Can She Say?

Mother—Tommy, I'm ashamed of you, fighting—can't you restrain yourself?

Tommy—But, gee whiz, ma! You fight pop!

Concerning Cables.

There are in operation today 252,426 miles of ocean cables, of which only 26,797 miles, or about 10 per cent are owned by governments, the remainder being in the hands of private owners. Englishmen opened the first cable line—across the Channel between Dover and Calais, on Apr. 26, 1850—and Englishmen still control a larger mileage than the capitalists of any other country and more than half the total length of the submarine lines.

The British cables that connect London with all parts of the world have a length of 151,408 miles, of which 16,963 miles are owned by the Government.

Of the 134,638 miles owned by private companies, the longest mileage is in the Anglo-Indian and Oriental lines. The Eastern Extension, Australasia and China Telegraph Company control 2,000 miles, and the Western Telegraph Company 19,880 miles.

The most important of the British cable lines are the five that stretch across the North Atlantic, and also the first line stretched across the Pacific, which connects Vancouver with the Fiji Islands, Norfolk Islands, Queensland and New Zealand, and which was opened on Dec. 8, 1902. Among the many British lines also are cables to South America and along both of its coasts.

Too Much Water.

"I'm going to raise a beard when I'm a man," said Bobby.

"Why?"

"So's I'll have less face to wash."

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